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SPEAIGHT.

H.S.H. PRINCESS MARY OF TECK

157, New Bond Street W



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE FOREST SCHOOL.

IF the schemes of afforestation now being contemplated in Great Britain are carried out, it may be found advisable to adopt the system of training which has been in force in Hungary since 1879. This is not because of defects in our own teaching. Anyone who desires to make a profession of forestry has every opportunity of mastering the requisite knowledge and training at Cambridge, Edinburgh, and other places where schools of forestry have been established. But our system does not cover all the requirements. In Hungary it has been realised that not only the chief forester ought to have a technical training, but also all whose duties lie in the forest, particularly the gamekeeper and the forest ranger. The Act of 1879 made it compulsory in Hungary that after 1889 owners of forests above a certain area should be compelled to employ in these capacities only men who had passed the examination of the Forest School. At a glance the advantage of this becomes apparent. The ranger's case is self-evident and that of the gamekeeper scarcely less so. Whoever takes charge of game must obviously have more or less to do with forestry. Trees and shrubs, upper-growth and under-growth, are of the greatest importance to himself and his charges. He is not in a position to pay high University fees, but the Hungarian Government smooths his way over these obstacles. It maintains four Forest Schools in different parts of the kingdom, and recently a correspondent of *The Times* sent to that

newspaper a most interesting description and account of that at Vadaszerdő, the largest and best equipped of them. It is carried on by a principal and five professors, who are his assistants. No pupil is allowed to enter until he has passed in the elementary subjects of an ordinary school. The age for admission is between seventeen and twenty-five, and care is taken to ensure that only those are admitted who are of sound health and good character. These are the essentials. No fee is charged, and even the moderate outlay of fourteen pounds for uniform, lodging and food is dispensed with in the case of those who cannot afford it, the Government finding them in these necessities. Of fifty-two students now in training, only eight pay any fee at all. It will thus be seen that the teaching of the school is made available even to the poor classes from which the ranks of the keeper and the working forester are recruited. The course is a two year one, except in the case of very promising students, who may, at the expense of the State, remain a third year, acting in that case as prefects over the other boys. About a dozen at a time are allowed to take advantage of this arrangement. To boys instinctively fond of open-air pursuits, life in a Forest School must be delightful. It is passed in a beautiful environment, as placed round the college are specimens of the trees indigenous to Europe, and near by are the gardens set amid the surrounding forest.

The grounds cover altogether an area of seven thousand acres, so that the students have a splendid opportunity of checking the theory taught in the lecture-room with the practical things in the forest. The arrangement of their studies is extremely good. For the first year they take physical geography, botany, horticulture and agriculture. At the same time, their general culture is not neglected, and they go on working at history and the Hungarian language. Simultaneously with this, they receive practical instruction in various arts connected with *la petite culture*. They are shown how to manage beehives, to dress vines and to prune and graft fruit trees. In this first year, therefore, they are made effective and useful workers at the ordinary pursuits of a country boy. In the second year the study of forestry is attacked in a more direct manner. The boys are taught how to plant trees and how and when they should be cut down. They are also instructed in the uses of the different timber; which of it is only suited for firewood, which will do for planks, and which for railway sleepers and so on. The very difficult subject of insect pests is not neglected; and equally fascinating to the boys, no doubt, is a study of the habits of animals with special regard to trees. To the gamekeeper, at all events, knowledge in this direction must be invaluable. Most of them have a rough idea that rabbits destroy the bark of trees in hard weather, but further than that their information does not go. The students who are fortunate enough to remain for a third year receive instruction which will fit them to plan cottages, build wooden bridges, and, generally speaking, do estate work. But the items that we have mentioned do not exhaust the practical education given to the boys. They are taught to hunt, to shoot, and to use scientific instruments for the purpose of ascertaining the rainfall, the amount of sunshine, and so on.

Here then is a practical lesson for us in England, and it goes a great deal further than the mere preparation of gamekeepers and rangers to take charge of the woodlands now in process of formation. For a long time past we have been playing with Nature-teaching without obtaining any very satisfactory results; but in these Forest Schools we see Nature-teaching of the very best kind. A boy who went through the courses that have been described must have developed all the love of Nature and aptitude for rural work of which he is capable. But the trend of the teaching is not, as is our elementary education in rural districts, to fit boys to take positions in shops, but to qualify them for work on the land. Some day perhaps the wisdom of all this will be recognised by our own education authorities. Mr. Roosevelt is not so very far wrong when, in preaching his doctrine of conservation, he attaches the utmost importance to the training of young men for life and work on the land.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of Her Serene Highness Princess Mary of Teck. She is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Teck, whose marriage to Lady Margaret Grosvenor took place in 1894.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

A VERY remarkable note will be found in our agricultural intelligence this week. The writer is Mr. A. T. Matthews, who has an exceptionally thorough understanding of the commercial side of farming. He is not at all addicted to prophecy, and modestly suggests that his remarks "may be thought by some to savour too much of anticipation." They are, however, so reasonable and so much to the point that we do not think many of our readers will criticise them from that point of view. The point is that in Central Europe there have within the last decade or two come into existence huge industrial populations very like our own, and, naturally, they demand to be fed. Add to this that this year there is on the Continent a shortage of beef and mutton, and the demand in the countries affected takes the concrete form of asking that there should be free entrance to the frozen mutton of Argentina and the chilled beef of other parts of the world. Up till now the agrarian parties in Austria and Germany have been sufficiently powerful to compel the Government to exclude imports of meat; but in answer to an agitation that has been got up, Austria has consented to a consignment being admitted "for testing purposes." Now, of course, it is obvious that the meat which has been consumed in Great Britain for a quarter of a century will stand any test applied to it, and after this concession it will be impossible for the Government to exclude meat. We thus lose our "monopoly of purchase," and our contributor is probably not far wrong when he says, "We shall have seen the last of very cheap meat for a generation at least, and it is quite possible that frozen and chilled beef may be doubled in price."

This view is not that of a single individual. It is held by the majority of those who are qualified to form an opinion on the subject, and it cannot but be useful to examine what the effects are likely to be. On the producers of food they must be beneficial. Agriculture in Great Britain has from the year 1879 been kept at low water by an unparalleled cheapness of foodstuffs, a cheapness so extraordinary that for many years it did not yield the cultivator a margin of profit sufficient for his livelihood, although recently this cheapness has shown a tendency to disappear. To the consumer the information carries a more ominous significance. It means that the rise in the price of provisions, which has now been continuous for a long time past, will increase at an accelerated pace, and that wages will not go so far as they were wont to do. On the other hand, it may have the wholesome effect of stimulating production. The potentialities of scientific farming have not yet been fathomed, and human ingenuity will probably rise to the occasion. We may expect that intensive cultivation will become the rule rather than the exception, and labour on the land will give employment to far more people than it ever did before.

We have received from the Board of Agriculture a report on crop prospects, dated September 1st, from which it appears that the crop estimators have found that the inclement weather of August caused a general deterioration of the crops. The prospects for cereals are much less satisfactory than before. From East Anglia it is reported that there has been insufficient sunshine to fill the ears of wheat, and some crops are blighted. The same complaint of lack of sunshine comes from the North-East of England and the South-East; indeed, from all over the

country. The net result is: "Summarising the reports, and representing an average crop by 100, the appearance of the crops on September 1st indicates yields for Great Britain which may be represented by the following percentages: Wheat, 99; barley, 100; oats, 98; beans, 102; peas, 99; potatoes, 103; turnips and swedes, 106; mangolds, 103; hops, 103." This is less cheerful than preceding estimates, and may perhaps be qualified by the brighter weather of September.

An admirable plan for dealing with milk has been adopted by those Wiltshire farmers who live in the neighbourhood of Chippenham. They have formed themselves into an organisation, which already numbers two hundred and fifty members, for the purpose of dealing with their milk in a manner to avoid waste. As everybody knows, the industry at the present moment is a very uncertain one, as during summer, when the flow of milk is greatest, the difficulty of disposing of it is most felt. The plan adopted is to erect a dairy for the production of butter and cheese, and for the farmers to become wholesale dealers, supplying the distributing centres in London. They are thus enabled to fulfil the orders of the day, and if there are not sufficient to use up all the milk, what is left over is made into butter, cheese and other bye-products. The scheme is sound and economical in conception, and ought to work out to the profit of those who are engaged in it.

On Monday last the Earl of Pembroke made a suggestive little speech after presenting the prizes at Wilton Sheep Fair. He referred particularly to a discussion that has been going on as to the best kind of sheep for farmers to breed, and he combated the idea that the Dorset Horn answers to the ideal. His own preference is entirely for the Hampshire Down, and he expressed his pleasure at hearing of the appreciation which it is meeting on the Continent, in South America and in the United States. It would be a very rash undertaking to say anything against the Hampshire Down; but at the same time there are many who in this connection would have a good word to say for the South Down, the Shropshire, the Oxford Down, the Lincolnshire and Suffolk breeds. Lord Pembroke, in point of fact, touched upon a problem which breeders are very anxious to settle, as the admirers of each particular breed naturally conclude that there is nothing to compare with it. It may, however, be possible to show experimentally which breed it is really most profitable for the farmer to keep. The question is one to be determined by scientific investigation.

SLUMBER SONG.

Slip your hobble, my little grey mare,
Slip your hobble and go,
For the smouldering sticks have lit the night
That shall long outlast their glow,
And the prairie stars have covered their eyes,
And there's snow in the wind, there's snow.
There's a lantern hangs on the old corral,
But it flickers to-night in vain,
For never we two shall turn our trail
To that far light again;
So nuzzle your nose against my chest,
And run you free on the plain.
You're a good little nag, as well I know,
And I've got no friends to spare,
But you've done me proud, and our journey's up,
And I mean to treat you square,
For I'm slipping my hobble the same as you,
And I'm off to God knows where.

H. H. BASHFORD.

In reference to our article on the advisability of adding a horticultural section to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and changing its name to the Board of Agriculture, Horticulture and Fisheries, a correspondent sends us the following list of branches of the industry of gardening: The construction, equipment and maintenance of gardens, offering livelihood to artists and unskilled labourers, in addition to ordinary staff and jobbing gardeners; public parks and open spaces (municipal and privately owned); market gardens, orchards and fruit farms; Covent Garden and distribution of home-grown fruit, vegetables and flowers; florists' shops, markets and street flower-sellers; seedsmen, comprising such organisations as Sutton's and Carter's; nurserymen; glass-house fruit and vegetable growers (N.B.—One acre of glass keeps ten men in employment); manufacturers of horticultural buildings; heating apparatus; manufacturers of conservatories, glass-houses, men employed in getting coal and gas for heating; implements; machinery, tools and accessories.

manures and fertilisers; railways and transport; literature and journalism; scientific.

This list goes far to show that our gardens are at least as important as our fisheries, and if the Board of Agriculture has a section devoted to one, it ought in fairness to have one for the other. It would be very difficult to make even an approximate estimate of the amount of capital invested in these different branches of horticulture, of the vast number of men for whom they find employment and of other interests concerned. Their magnitude must be apparent even to the most casual observer; and those directly and indirectly concerned with gardening cannot take a wiser course than that of insisting that they should have a distinct representation on the Board of Agriculture. It must be remembered, too, in this connection that the official returns show that over a long series of years a steady transference has been going on of land from farms to gardens, including in the latter term, of course, orchards. The area devoted to the cultivation of bush and other fruit and vegetables is steadily increasing, while the farm land in the country has been as steadily decreasing. We have shown practically how important it is to gardeners that they should have a direct representation at Whitehall.

From every point of view the movement for establishing centres for training boys to be sea scouts deserves to be supported. In the first place, it helps us out of a difficulty that has long been felt with regard to a certain type of boy. After he leaves school his parents send him to be an errand-boy at some large establishment. For his years he is very well paid for this kind of work; but it teaches him nothing, and leaves him with no career when he becomes too old for it. Just at the time when an apprentice of the old-fashioned sort would have been taking to journeyman's work he is cast adrift to swell the ranks of unskilled labour. Now, obviously, a very large proportion of these boys might be utilised for service in the Navy and the Mercantile Marine. At the present time over thirty-seven thousand five hundred foreign seamen are employed in the English Mercantile Marine service, and the payment in wages to them comes to two millions annually. There are, therefore, abundant openings for those who are trained to the work. The system of preparation adopted is excellent. Wherever there is a river there may be a brig, and there are already vessels of this kind at Cardiff, Oxford, Gloucester, Kingston, Norwich and many other places. Here the sea scout is taught to load and unload a gun, instructed in the duties of an able-bodied seaman and is in other respects trained for a seafaring life. Should he wish to adopt it afterwards, the influence of the promoters is used to find a berth for him either in the Navy or in the Mercantile Marine. This is an excellent movement, and should have the very best results.

A correspondent in Russia writes to us as follows: "You might be interested to know that Leonid Andreev has retired from the literary world for three years in order to think out a new and original work. His last piece, 'Anathema,' did extremely well, and there were some fine things in it; but when his three years are up we should get a play that will go the round of Europe. He stands to win all or lose all by his retirement." This is an interesting piece of news, and the example of the Russian playwright may be recommended to the consideration of English writers. But the practice of our writers is exactly the opposite. Any of them who achieved such success as followed "The Grey Man" would instantly be set upon by publishers, literary agents and editors, and tempted, even to the point of compulsion, to pour forth a vast quantity of unmaturing and unworthy work, for which they would receive a great price, and which would please the great untutored public more than their choicest production. To abstain from the use of pen and ink for three years would, on the part of a popular author, be, indeed, a sacrificial proceeding and a most unusual and welcome proof of devotion to art.

The system of growing such hardy fruits as pears, plums and apples in cool and well-ventilated glass houses has been largely adopted in this country during recent years, and it is in seasons of scarcity such as the present when the value of these indoor-grown fruits is fully appreciated. Not only is the owner practically certain of securing a full crop, but during dull autumns, such as that of last year, the quality is far superior to that of the same kinds grown out of doors. This was emphasised by a remarkable collection of apples and plums shown at the Royal Horticultural Society's exhibition on Tuesday last. Those two superb dessert apples, Cox's Orange Pippin and Ribston Pippin, were aglow with gold and crimson, and the fruits of the culinary variety, Peasgood's Nonsuch, were undoubtedly some of the best-finished specimens that have ever been exhibited. Dessert plums, to bring out to the full their rich, sugary flavour, must be

thoroughly ripened on the tree, and this in many localities is almost an impossibility out of doors. Given the protection of a cool glass house, however, the best qualities of such superb varieties as Reine Claude de Bavay and Transparent Gage are fully developed, and the examples shown in the collection named were perfect of their kind, and enabled visitors to form some idea of what properly finished dessert plums should be like.

A contemporary has had some interesting correspondence concerning the propriety or otherwise of employing carnations in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Henry VIII." But why not? The carnation owes its name to its colour. The word was defined by Florio as "the hew or colour of one's skin and flesh," and came very early to be applied to the gillyflower and clove pink. The first mention of it given by Murray is from Turner, 1538, who defines it as a "herba quam uernacula lingua uocamus a Gelofer, aut a Clowgelofer aut an Incarnacyon." Lyte, forty years later, writes, "In English gardens Gillofers, Cloaue gillofera, and the greatest and brauest sorte of them are called Coronations or Cornations." Its name is of little consequence, since the flower to which the name was given was in England long before the reign of Henry VIII.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

Grey rolling waves, fretted with creamy foam;
Over the bay fishing boats dipping home:
—Trusting to you, safe in your wide embrace,
Mother of all!—

Changing forever, ever the same—your face;
Older than man, new in the ears of all,
So is your call!

Out from the land, out from the noisy town,
Singing of magic, telling of fair renown,
Call you your sons: swift to your feet are they,
Mother of all!

Hard is your service, long is your working day,
Yet to their ears, sweetest and best of all
Soundeth the call.

Giving no service, we are your servants too;
Vowed to your praise, bound for our lives to you;
—Sweet is your voice, strong is your soothing hand,
Mother of all!—

Knowing through you more than we understand,
Finding in you words for the need of all,
You are the Call!

KATHLEEN CONYNGBAM GREENE.

Sir Edward Clarke in a reminiscent mood is so delightful a speaker that we hope one day he will write his reminiscences at full length. Few men have had a more interesting or a more varied career. At the Conference of Journalists he fell into his happiest vein, recalling his Bohemian days with evident zest. The great lawyer dwelt on the time when he did a great deal of journalism in company with his lifelong friend, Sir Douglas Straight, who in those days was glad to write of swimming, cricket and other athletic pursuits in which he excelled. Sir Edward in his early days of struggle used to write the law reports for the *Standard*; and another way he had of eking out an income, when he was about twenty-two years of age, was to review books. Nearly every beginner at literature, though he may not feel able to do anything else, is sure that he is a perfect judge of the work of others. Sir Edward humorously contrasted the past usage with the present. In his day bundles of books were handed out to the youngest man on the staff to have a paragraph written about them, while to-day he is of opinion that the criticism in the daily papers is all most carefully done by experts. But perhaps he is not so familiar with journalism now as he was when still in his twenties.

The discussion that has been going on about the length of novels is not without interest. At the libraries it is found that customers prefer a good long book, resembling in this way the readers of Richardson and Fielding. Both of these writers were expansive. "Don Quixote," which is perhaps the best novel that ever was written, is a very long book; so is "Gil Blas." The fact of the matter is that the average reader, when he takes up a novel and becomes interested in its characters, is not very ready if he likes the book to lay it down. Indeed, it is a very good test of a story to notice at the end whether you are glad to have got through it or sorry to have laid it down so soon. On the other hand, there have been many comparatively short novels which have enjoyed a large share of popularity, among them we may mention particularly Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This was the shortest, but we believe the most successful, of his novels. Of course, he wrote many short stories, but they belong to a different category.

INTER- NATIONAL

THE second International Sporting Congress met in the University at Vienna on September 4th and continued its sittings until September 7th. The general idea of the Congress was to suggest methods by which the preservation of game and the welfare of sport might be aided by uniform legislation throughout the various States of Europe. The question of reform or introduction of game laws applying to large animals in the other continents was postponed for consideration till the meeting of the next Congress, to be held in Berlin, the date of which was not definitely settled. The meeting was attended by about one thousand members, the leading Powers of Europe being officially represented by delegates well qualified by their knowledge of sport or natural history to give value to the resolutions passed by the Congress.

Prince Charles Kinsky, who will be remembered by English racing-men as a winner of the Grand National all too many years ago, acted as President in a most efficient manner, and his splendid efforts to make himself heard, alternately in French and German, by large audiences in rooms badly adapted for public speaking, show that he has still plenty of energy, which we hope will tend to success in his venture of appearing once again on the English Turf. To expedite matters, the subjects under discussion were divided into three sections. Members of the Congress were asked to choose which sections they would attend, and could always move from one room to another to take part in any discussion in which they might be specially interested. In the first and second sections were discussed many subjects of moment to Austrian sportsmen, such as the importation of moufflon, the marking of roe deer to facilitate the observation of horn growth, and the standardisation of the different calibres of sporting weapons; but the third section, dealing with the preservation of game-birds, wildfowl and sea-fowl, was the most popular debating ground for the average sportsman. Of this section Count Justinien Clary, president of the St. Hubert Gun Club of Paris, was chairman, and all who took part in the deliberations will remember the gracious courtesy and tact with which he carried out the onerous duties of his office.

The first subject dealt with was no doubt the most important point raised at the meeting of the Congress—the crying need for the protection of quail during the breeding season, especially along the Mediterranean littoral. At the opening of the discussion it was gratifying to hear Mr. F. C. Selous read a message from H.M. King George expressing his interest in the subject of the protection of quail and woodcock, and his appreciation of any resolution that might tend towards this result. Mr. Selous freely acknowledged that the English were among the worst offenders in keeping open their markets for the sale of quail taken in great quantities in the South of Europe by means of nets during the time when they should be spared from all molestation. The meeting was unanimous in considering that steps should be taken immediately to put a stop to this traffic, and the only discussion arose out of the various suggestions offered with a view of doing away with the evil. The next point was the protection of woodcock during the same season, and all agreed that wholesale slaughter should be stopped; but many of the Austrians and Germans did not quite like the idea of giving



GAME CONGRESS

up their few shots at woodcock in the spring. Many of us remember the days before the passing of our English Wild Birds' Protection Act, when the "roading" woodcock in Ireland was looked upon as a lawful and fascinating game-bird. The Austrian spends a good deal of the spring in the mountains for the capercaillie-shooting and the few tempting shots at woodcock flying across the low gaps in the hills at dusk, usually close to the shooting-hut, certainly give an attraction to a day's sport which is otherwise over by four o'clock in the morning. But the present-day feeling is rightly in favour of every necessary protection, and the following resolution was carried without opposition:

The second International Sporting Congress recognises the desirability that quail-shooting should be closed in all states at a season as near as possible to the time when these birds migrate from Europe, and that during the close season all trade in and transport of quail shall be forbidden. The Congress further recognises it to be desirable that an International Convention should suppress all shooting of woodcock between February 1st and October 1st, and that in all countries signatory of the Convention the sale, purchase, transport and transit of woodcock should be forbidden from February 1st onwards. The Congress recognises it to be desirable that an International Conference should meet as early as possible to discuss and settle the text of an International Convention in order that effective protection may be assured to migratory game-birds by the adoption of equivalent measures in all countries. This International Convention would then be laid before the various Governments for their ratification and adhesion.

After the passing of this resolution, the suggestions for establishing close seasons for all kinds of wildfowl, sea-fowl and swampfowl and for all birds considered harmless came rapidly, and a resolution was carried to recommend a close season, commencing on February 1st, for all these classes of birds. This would indeed be a remarkable change from existing conditions, which in many parts of Europe afford no safety from extinction to anything that flies. All the varieties of eagles were included in one of these resolutions, and it is certainly none too soon to take steps to preserve them. The protection of eggs of all birds was also recommended, and a suggestion made that all sales of the eggs of game-birds should be under Government supervision.

Next came an interesting paper on the relations of Sport and Nature. It was prepared by Dr. Bruno Schweder and covered

a large field, besides giving many references to enable the reader to follow up any particular subject in which he might take a special interest. It is to be hoped that this paper will be published in a more permanent form. Among many other subjects, statistics were given regarding the total extent of the world's fur trade and alarming figures having reference to the destruction of birds of plumage, a disgrace to civilisation, the remedy for which lies so ready to the hand of the woman of fashion. And now arose a discussion of little interest from a sporting point of view, and which would have been more in place in a legislative assembly, but served as a strong object-lesson to show how different the views on social questions still are in the various countries of Europe. A proposal was made that legislation should be introduced to enforce the insurance of, and provide old-age pensions for, keepers, foresters,



beaters and all the army of men engaged in the providing of sport for their employers; in fact, the extension of each country's "Employers' Liability Act" to cover men who earn their living in these capacities, as in many cases the Act applies only to mechanics and trade workers. The sportsmen of the countries

in which feudalism still keeps some hold were stern in their objection to be bound by law in such a matter between master and man—a moral obligation they would be, and always had been, ready to acknowledge and maintain; but this would not satisfy the members of countries with more liberal ideas. The result was an excited but most orderly discussion, which lasted till the end of the afternoon. The Englishmen present had no personal interest in the matter, as legislation has already settled the point in their own country, and they missed much of the argument, as during the heat of the discussion the French language disappeared almost entirely from the proceedings. No definite result was obtained, and the last proposal on the paper, referring to the important subject of legislation and sport, had to be abandoned as no time was left for its discussion. The entertainments provided for the members of the Congress during their hours of relaxation from labour were carried out with all the magnificent hospitality for which the Austrian capital is famous. The reception held by the Archduke Leopold Salvador, in the room taken possession of by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, was impressive in the extreme, and the dinner given by the Burgomaster in the

Rathaus was a most wonderful display of organisation, nine hundred people being entertained in one room, with an excellent dinner as comfortably and speedily served as a dinner to half-a-dozen men in a London club. If such perfect method has been introduced into municipal matters the affairs of the city of Vienna must be in a prosperous condition.

And what is the result of the Congress? Will any good come to the sportsman or the game through these mighty deliberations? The most hopeful chance seems to be the matter of the protection of quail and woodcock, judging by the great interest taken in the subject by men of high political standing in their own countries, who will have a chance of supporting their words by deeds. But action should be taken immediately, as once shelved the matter may not come up again for a long time. Has civilisation reached such a point in Europe that joint action with the object of suppressing an acknowledged evil might be carried out during the coming winter, and that London hostesses might be forced to find a substitute for the delicious fat quail during the season to be marked by the coronation of His Majesty George V.?

WARBURTON PIKE.

THE DONCASTER WEEK.



W. A. Rouch.

SWYNFORD.

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TAKING the days of the Doncaster Week as they come, we may begin with the doings of Tuesday morning in the sale paddock. For once in a way the Messrs. Tattersall were late in commencing operations; it was, in fact, well past eleven o'clock before there were any signs of animation in the second ring. Generally speaking, business was dull and buyers in anything but a venturesome mood; but fair prices were realised for some of the lots submitted to the public. In the first ring Mr. Somerville Tattersall disposed of twenty-two "lots" for a total of 4,035 guineas, the best prices being paid for a lengthy, racing-like filly by Laveno out of Nun Nicer 12, by Common, bought by Mr. W. Clark for 600 guineas; the 630 guineas for which Mr. G. Prentice secured a filly (half-sister to Dalnacrag) by The Victory out of Dalnessie (4), by Edward the Confessor; the 1,050 guineas given by Mr. Patterson for a good-looking colt by Tredennis out of St. Gunthern (4), by Carbine; and the 1,050 guineas for which a racing-like filly (sister to Land League) by Desmond out of Combine 3, by Carbine, fell to Baron Springer's bid.

Coming now to the racing in the afternoon, it is to be recorded that, as had been generally anticipated, Pietri won the

Champagne Stakes for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, but it was only by a short head that Maher contrived to squeeze him home in front of Wrinkler. It is probable that the Duke of Portland's colt has come on since he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, but unless the improvement made has been great, Pietri should have won with something more than a head in hand; and if the "Champagne" running is true, it would seem to indicate that the best of the two year olds is St. Nat, with, of course, a saving clause in favour of Seaforth, whose next appearance in public will be awaited with no little interest. So well did Cellini, a colt by Cyllene out of Sirenia, look in the paddock before the race that a good many people preferred him to Pietri; but he ran very disappointingly, and is perhaps hardly at his best just now, for he has all the appearance of a race-horse of good class.

Making amends for many disappointments, Apache (6st. 12lb.), a three-year old colt by Collar out of Politesse 21, by Boulevard, won the Great Yorkshire Handicap by two lengths from Pure Gem, six years (8st. 2lb.), the four-year old Highness (7st. 7lb.) being but a head away for third place.

Business in the sale paddocks was much more lively on Wednesday than it had been on the previous day, and altogether

eighty-five yearlings found purchasers, Mr. Somerville Tattersall disposing of fifty-six in the first ring and the remaining twenty-nine being sold by Mr. Rupert in the second ring. Very poor prices were forthcoming for the first eight lots shown in the first ring; but matters improved with the appearance of the yearlings bred by Captain Greer at the Brownstown Stud, Kildare, the four sold making a total of 2,930 guineas, the best individual price realised being the 910 guineas paid by the Hon. A. Hastings for a colt by Gallinule out of Kill Hill 7, by Kilcock; and it is to be noted that for a filly by Earla Mor out of Vincula 14, by Prisoner, Mr. Atkinson paid 800 guineas. The half-dozen yearlings from the Straffan Station Stud made a total of 3,180 guineas; but no four-figure bids were forthcoming until Mr. Sol Joel gave 1,200 guineas for the filly by Florizel II. mentioned in the illustrated article which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of September 3rd as being the "best of Sir John Robinson's Wednesday lot." Just topping 1,000 guineas, Lord Savile's racing-like filly by Eager out of Chaffinch 14, by St. Serf, went to Mr. Waugh, the Kingsclere trainer, for 1,050 guineas, and the highest price of the day was the 1,550 guineas for which Mr. Ladley's colt by Galloping Lad out of The Broom was knocked down to Mr. R. Sherwood, the result of the morning's work being that a sum of 25,108 guineas was realised, the average working out at a trifle over 295 guineas.

Noting that when Queen's Journal looked very like winning the Rufford Abbey Plate in the afternoon she broke down, leaving Laughing Mirror, by Isinglass out of Merry Wife (1), by Hampton, to win the race for Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, we pass on to the time when the runners for the St. Leger Stakes made their appearance in the paddock. According to a good many people, Swynford was voted "plain and short of quality"; but not so said such a shrewd judge as William I'Anson. "He's a Leger horse," said the Yorkshire trainer; for although I'Anson now trains at Newmarket, it is in connection with Malton that we always think of him, and put them where you will, the I'Ansons are Yorkshire folk. Then there was Lemberg, upon whom Alec Taylor must have looked with satisfaction, for Mr. Fairie's half-brother to Bayardo was himself again, better, heavier and more muscular than when he ran for the Grand Prix de Paris, or than when he ran the dead heat with Neil



W. A. Rouch.

BRONZINO.

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lighter than usual, but there was no doubt as to her thorough fitness for the coming race. Sadler had good reason to be satisfied with the condition in which he had sent out Wolfe Land; Marajax, too, was well, and so was the Russian horse Ksiaz Pan, a plainish-looking but very useful sort of colt, who would probably have cut a better figure had the going been soft. At the post, King of the Wavelets gave a little trouble, but Mr. Willoughby got the field away on level terms, and as soon as the tapes went up Swynford, taking a strong hold of his bridle, went to the front. Wootton soon managed to steady his horse, and was content to let him stride along behind Nankeen, William Cope and Wolfe Land, Lemberg following close behind Swynford, with Winkipop in close attendance. After about seven furlongs had been covered, William Cope was leading by rather more than a length from Swynford, Wolfe Land coming on next, followed by Lemberg, Rosedrop and Bronzino. Rounding the turn on the rails, Swynford swept into the straight, with Bronzino in close attendance on his whip hand, Lemberg in close pursuit. Below the distance Maher brought Lemberg up, getting to Bronzino's quarters, and for a moment Mr. Fairie's colt looked very like winning the race; but then Maher got himself into hopeless difficulties. With all the rest of the course open to him, he first, unless my eyes deceived me, tried to run through between Bronzino and Swynford. Finding this of no avail, he next tried to force his way in between Swynford and the rails; baulked, and very rightly baulked, in this manoeuvre, he snatched up his horse—he was, in fact, obliged to do so—and then and there became a negligible quantity as far as any hopes of winning the St. Leger were concerned.

Meantime Bronzino, admirably ridden by Fox, had delivered his final challenge to Wootton and Swynford; but they were equal, just equal and no more, to the occasion, and had a head the best of it when, amid hearty cheering, Swynford, for the first time in the history of the race, won a "Leger" for a chief of the House of Stanley. Swynford is a big, lengthy colt, by John o' Gaunt out of Canterbury Pilgrim (1), by Tristan, and it is much to the credit of Sir John Thursby's horse that he should have sired a winner of the St. Leger in his first season at the stud. It is probable that we have not yet seen the best of Swynford, for

he is still backward and unfurnished, and Mr. George Lambton is sincerely to be congratulated upon having managed to get the colt into the condition that stood him in such good stead in the stress of a desperate race. Wootton, too, is deserving of praise for his cool confidence in the handling of the colt at every stage of the race, the result of



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LEMBERG.

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Gow in the Eclipse Stakes. Bronzino, too, was wonderfully well, showing a lot of round and supple muscle over which the skin rippled as he walked. Hard and cool, Rosedrop stripped as fit as she could be made, and is a good-looking, wear-and-tear sort of mare, though, perhaps, a little deficient in quality. Winkipop, business-like in looks as ever, seemed trained a bit

which is satisfactory in every respect except that it leaves numbers of people, good judges of racing, with the conviction that, but for Maher's ill-judged riding, Lemberg and not Swynford would have been returned the winner. The more one thinks of it the more difficult it becomes to understand how a jockey of Maher's undoubted ability could have got himself into such a hopeless tangle. If Lemberg was a beaten horse at the time, the attempt to force a passage on the rails becomes doubly inexcusable. Supposing, on the other hand, which I believe to have been the case, that Lemberg was still capable of making a good effort, it is inexplicable that Maher should have deliberately jammed the horse into what was in effect a cul-de-sac; for, to begin with, he had no right whatever to try for the rails, there being no room for him to come through; and, secondly, he could not possibly have imagined that Wootton was going to pull out and let him up. All of us err at times, some oftener than others, and all that one can say is that this was one of Maher's errors; but it was singularly unfortunate that so glaring an error should have been committed when riding the favourite for a race of such importance as the St. Leger. It is rarely safe to say that a beaten horse would have won a given race, but it is certainly reasonable to suppose that Lemberg would have very nearly won the St. Leger Stakes, even if he had not actually done so, because at the time when Maher "snatched" him up he was right on Swynford's quarters, and, thrown out of his stride and unbalanced as he was in consequence of the sudden pulling up, it seems fair to credit him with having thereby lost at least the length and a-half by which he was eventually beaten. I am told that Maher admits his mistake, but that is poor consolation to Mr. Fairie for the loss of a "classic" race, or to Alec Taylor, who saw the fruits of his skill and care as a trainer vanish in a moment of time through an aberration of judgment on the part of a jockey of acknowledged ability.

The race for the St. Leger disposed of, we take up our tale in the sale paddock on Thursday. The sale of the Sledmere yearlings is always the event of this particular morning, and, as usual, keen interest was displayed when they came into the ring. Fifteen in number, the average worked out at 818 guineas, a result satisfactory enough in itself, but which, nevertheless, compares badly with that of last year, when the ten yearlings sold made a total of 14,810 guineas. The highest price paid for a Sledmere colt this year was the 1,900 guineas by Mr. C. B. Ismay for the colt by Desmond out of Altesse, the next best being the 1,700 guineas for which the colt by William the Third out of Alicia went to Mr. Davies, and the 1,800 guineas paid by Major Beatty for the colt by Florizel II. out of Game Chick, while of the fillies the top price—1,150 guineas—

was paid by Mr. Enoch for the filly by Florizel II. out of Curlew. Mr. J. Simons Harrison made a fairly good sale of the half-a-dozen yearlings from the Cottingham Stud, getting 1,050 guineas for the colt (own brother to Old China) by Avington out of Derby China, 1,200 guineas for the Melton out of Simena colt, and 1,050 guineas for the beautiful filly by Melton out of Kylesku. Lord Clonmell might well have got better prices



W. A. Rouch CHESTNUT COLT BY ADAM—MARECHAL NIEL. Copyright.

than he did for some of his yearlings; but the 1,350 guineas paid by Mr. R. Wootton for a big French-bred filly—Mouche Bleue, by Gardefeu out of Blue Fly, was in the nature of a fair price. But the best sale of the day or of the week was the 2,400 guineas paid by Lord Lonsdale for a racing-like bay filly by St. Frusquin out of Lady Kate from the Langton Hall Stud. In no instance did Mr. Rupert Tattersall succeed in extracting a four-figure bid from any of those who patronised the second ring; but some good business was transacted, and for the ninety-two yearlings sold in both rings a total of 37,429 guineas was realised, the average working out at somewhere about 407 guineas.

In the Alexandra Handicap Mr. G. Edwardes fared but little better than he had done in the Ebor Handicap, for his useful mare, Anchora, had again to put up with the barren honours of second place, this time to the Manton-trained Rocksavage, a colt by Rock Sand out of Lily of the Valley, ridden by Wootton. St. Victrix was among the runners, or, rather, should have been among them; but when the tapes went up he refused to budge, and has taken such an aversion to racing that Mr. Gurry has decided to remove to another sphere of activity. There were many good class sprinters among the two-and-twenty runners that were saddled for the Portland Plate, but Captain N. Alfrey's old gelding, Hallaton (8st. 6lb.), proved too good for them all, and, well ridden by Maher, eventually won rather cleverly by a length from Glesesky (8st. 7lb.), with Blankney II. (7st. 2lb.) losing second place by three parts of a length.

On Friday morning fifty-eight yearlings were disposed of for a total of 22,197 guineas, or an average of about 277 guineas. For the colt by William the Third out of Golden Hope Sir John Robinson got 1,300 guineas, and for the one by Desmond out of Lowland Aggie 1,600 guineas, the respective purchasers being Mr. C. W. Howard and Mr. R. Wootton. Lord Lonsdale gave 2,200 guineas for a well-grown and well-bred colt by Adam out of Marechale Niel, sent up by Captain Northey Hopkins, and 1,950 guineas for Major Wise's good colt by Desmond out of Reigning Queen, other good prices paid being the 1,000 guineas given by Sir R. Jardine for Mr. Dawson's Cartouche, a filly by Carbine out of Panache, and the 1,300 guineas for which the same gentleman's filly, Rambling Rose, by St. Amant out of Barmaid, went to Mr. F. Leach. T. H. B.

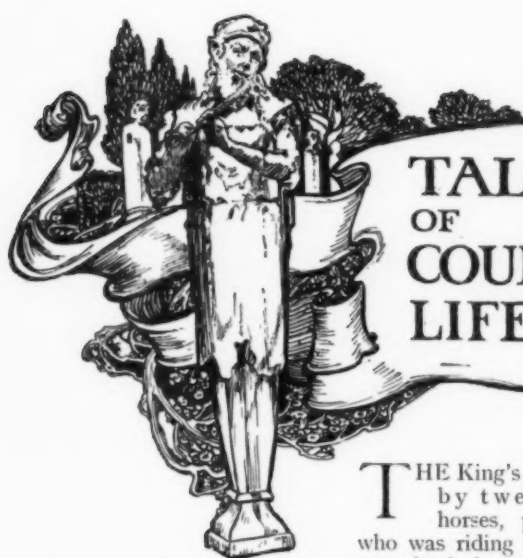


W. A. Rouch. BAY COLT BY DESMOND—REIGNING QUEEN. Copyright.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BOY WITH THE PURPLE NOSE.

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.



THE King's coach, drawn by twelve black horses, passed Dick, who was riding his new grey pony back from the fair. All the horses had long manes plaited with green ribbons, and at the end of each plait hung a silver bell. The grey pony had a wide pink ribbon round his tail, and in Dick's cap was a long peacock's feather. No wonder Jane, the dairymaid, was in love with Dick. But Dick would have none of her because her face was so red. He thought himself no end of a fine fellow. He was thinking this when the King's coach passed. The grey pony was jogging along pleasantly; the air was warm and scented. Dick was in a day-dream. He thought to himself "that a clever fellow with a fine peacock's feather, a jolly turned-up nose and a grey pony should let the world see him as soon as ever he could; that he would marry a Princess; that Jane should be made chief lady-in-waiting to make up for not marrying him; that he would have mince-pies for supper every day."

He had got as far as this when the King's coach came dashing by. The grey pony, who was half asleep, gave a great jump, and started galloping, too. Dick tried to stop him, but it was no use. The black horses took fright and went faster still. Oh! what a run that was! You couldn't see anything for the dust. The King's coachman shouted at the top of his voice, scolding Dick, which only made matters worse. The King, who was Dick's age, put his head out of the window, and laughed heartily. Up hill and down they went, past the King's palace and far beyond. They would never have stopped at all had they not on turning a sharp corner come suddenly on an old woman sweeping up dead leaves. She was a Witch, and when she lifted her broom the horses stopped at once. They stood there trembling with fright, while the coachman mopped his forehead and still scolded Dick. Dick said nothing, but he looked at the coachman, and thought how very ugly people with red faces were. He did not say so, for he knew that if one wears a peacock's feather one must, however unwillingly, be polite. The King was still laughing. The old woman smiled in what she thought was a pleasant manner, but as she had only three teeth, and these very long and black, the effect was not altogether pleasing. She hobbled up to the carriage, opened the door, sat down beside the King and patted his arm affably.

"You must be in a great hurry to see me," she said, in a hoarse, earnest voice, "since you have come so quickly. That is very nice. Now what can I do for you? If I like people I am kindness itself. If I dislike them I turn them into hippopotamuses or dead leaves, and I spend whole mornings sweeping them away. But let us come to my castle, where we can talk things over. I insist on your staying with me there for several months."

She again patted the King's arm, and kissed her hand to Dick, who was gazing in through the window open-mouthed. The King, who had by this time stopped laughing, was somewhat alarmed.

"I am very sorry," he said, with the utmost politeness, "but I fear I cannot accept your charming invitation. I have a kingdom to look after, and I have a sort of idea that we are starting a war with someone to-morrow. Anyhow, I must get back. Perhaps you will very kindly tell me the nearest way."

The Witch frowned.

"Nonsense," she said. "I allow no one to contradict me in the smallest particular. If you are foolish enough to do so, I shall make this young man King instead of you. Besides," she continued, more amiably, "I intend to become your wife. I am seven hundred and forty years old, so it is perhaps time I made up my mind. I am of royal blood, and am called

Sophonisba. My father is emperor of some country or other—I really forget its name. I was considered strong-minded by my family, and when I could not endure their exceptional stupidity any longer I left home and became a witch. I may add that I was never better-looking than I am now. A somewhat rare type, I believe," and she glanced complacently at a small hand-mirror which hung at her girdle and barely reflected the tip of her nose.

Here was a horrid position to be in—but what could be done? The coachman was struggling hard to recover his dignity, but it was soon upset again, for the Witch whistled three times, and instantly the horses turned to brooms and rose in mid-air. Dick did not at all approve of having a broomstick instead of his grey pony; but he had to hold on with all his might. They rose and rose into the air, and at last alighted on the brink of a precipice and before the gates of an enormous castle entirely made of jet. The jet was beautifully cut, like the beads used for necklaces, and reflected the moonlight, for it was late, at all angles.

"A little fancy of my own," remarked Sophonisba, "and, I think, successful. Shall we go in?"

The broomsticks, who were still really horses, were terrified at the change which had taken place in them, and were plunging and kicking at the door. The coachman looked most forlorn, for he felt that his dignity had departed for ever. The Witch got out and waved the King and Dick indoors with a large gesture.

They found themselves in a queer place—a huge hall, black as the inside of a coal-pit, and hung with looking-glasses. The mirrors made one look very beautiful, but quite different in each. The hall was lighted by enormous night-lights arranged in saucers in two long lines down each side. In the middle was a small wicker table, on which stood a plate containing three very young potatoes and a gigantic pepper-pot.

"My dinner," explained the Witch. "If I eat more my complexion suffers. Pray sit down and watch me," she added, graciously; "it will, no doubt, be a pleasure."

There was nothing to sit on, so Dick and the King stood watching her in a bewildered manner. However, after swallowing the potatoes like pills she took an arm of each and walked up and down the hall.

"Now we must settle things," she said. "You and I," she turned to the King, "will be married to-morrow. We will have a fine feast. A little roast vulture—which I never touch as a rule—should not be out of place on such an occasion. This other young man must not be vexed with me for leaving him in the cold. You are sure to die soon, since this climate is fatal to the strongest. Then I will marry him. He need only have patience," and she smiled benevolently.

The King for the moment forgot his manners.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he said. "I insist on going home at once."

Sophonisba's face grew black as coal and her eyes like fiery red points.

"Very well," she shrieked, "you horrible young man. No, you shall *not* marry me, but you and this other charming boy shall change places. You shall be a farmer and he a king."

"How delightful!" exclaimed the King, who had always wanted to be a farmer.

So there he was looking exactly like Dick; but as for Dick, whether his character was more determined or his nose turned up too much to be altered, nothing the Witch could do would make him look like the King! He kept altering a little and then falling back into his usual shape. She gave up trying at last.

"Well, well," she said, "your country will just have to get on without a King, that's all. Now off with you."

She stamped three times, and the next minute there was the King standing at the door of Dick's father's farm at one o'clock in the morning.

"This is great fun," he thought to himself. "One must have a rest from being King sometimes. I wonder if it's difficult to be a farmer. Anyhow, it's sure to be all right, because I can always do anything. I shall enjoy making hay," and he knocked loudly on the door.

"Is that you back, you young rascal?" cried a gruff voice, and an angry head appeared at one of the up-stair windows. It was the farmer himself. "And where's the pony, then? Wait till I get at you, my lad!"

He fumbled downstairs in the dark and opened the door. "Really," said the King, very much offended, and forgetting the change that had taken place. "What a singularly noisy person! We request you to be silent. Pray go back to bed. We are tired. We are also hungry. Before you go you may get us some food."

"Are we tired, indeed," said the Farmer, beside himself with rage; "then we'll just be a little more so," and seizing hold of the King, he was about to chastise him violently, when Jane came running down in a brilliant red flannel dressing-gown, her head bristling with curl-papers which almost concealed her hair.

"Stop that, now," she said, severely, to the Farmer. "Don't you dare do nothing to Dick or I won't make you any more treacle puddin', that I won't."

The Farmer stopped at once, for he was afraid of Jane's sharp tongue; besides, he was fond of her treacle puddings, and he knew she was a girl of her word. So he contented himself with giving the King a good box on the ears, and went off to bed, muttering violently, but that hurt no one. Jane stayed behind.

"What a charming person!" thought the King. "What an air—what determination—and how wise to wear a gown which exactly matches one's face. I have never seen anything like it." He bowed gallantly. "I am sure," he said aloud, in his most courteous tones, "I can never properly repay you for your intervention. But may I ask you to carry your graciousness still further? I am hungry. Could you obtain for me a little food? Something quite simple—chicken mayonnaise, or perhaps a little foie-gras. I shall be infinitely obliged."

Jane stood aghast for a moment, then burst out laughing. "My!" she exclaimed, "what a chap you are for making game of one! I don't know about no chicken—what do you call it?—but there's what's left of a pie, as old Farmer smacked his lips over. Will that do for Your Majesty?"

"Oh! don't call me 'Your Majesty,' I supplicate," said the King; "that is *too* formal. What can I be to you except—Dick?" he ended hurriedly, remembering whom he now represented.

"Lor!" cried Jane, very frightened—she now saw he was in earnest—"they've been and changed my Dick! Who you are I don't know—but you're never Dick, who couldn't talk civil for five minutes together. They've been and put a spell on him, and as for you—you may just shift for yourself." She burst into tears and left the room.

As she showed no signs of returning, and as the King knew neither where the larder was nor where he was to sleep, there was nothing for him to do except to roll himself up, very hungry, in the chimney corner and pass the night there. He was found by Jane next morning, whose curl-papers had turned to a mass of very frizzy, very red hair. She was still bewildered and a little frightened, but inclined to look on the change which had taken place in Dick as a bad dream. No sooner had she spoken to him, however, than her fears came back again. The King felt very much discouraged.

As to the Farmer, he couldn't make it out at all. Never had Dick behaved so well or been so utterly stupid. He seemed to know nothing about the farm whatsoever. But Farmer Simpson was not in the habit of bothering his head about things he did not understand, so he concluded that Dick had had a slight sunstroke and would recover before long. Jane was more difficult; and at last, when the King, who had never seen a pig before, came running up in great alarm to say that a dreadful monster had got into the yard, she was so angry that the King, who had fallen in love with her, couldn't stand it. So he determined to explain matters, and drew her aside.

"Well, now, what's up?" she said, still very sharply.

"Can you keep a secret?" said the King.

"The idea of asking Jane Girdlewood *that*," said Jane, contemptuously.

"Because I'm not Dick at all," said the King.

"Precious well I know it, too," cried Jane, bitterly. "Well, who *are* you then—and where *is* Dick?"

"I'm the King," said he, sadly; "at least, I was yesterday. An old Witch turned me into Dick because I wouldn't marry her and kept Dick instead; and now, please, will you marry me, because, really and truly, you are the nicest person I have ever seen, with no nonsense about you like the Court ladies."

"The King!" exclaimed Jane. "Oh, dearie—lawk a mussie me! O my!" and she kept on dropping curtsies, till the King stopped her.

"And you *will* marry me?" he insisted.

"Not much," said Jane, "if Your Majesty will excuse my saying so. I'm gone on Dick, I am. But, O lor!" she cried, as an idea suddenly struck her. "You don't think as Dick will go and get married to that nasty old Witch?"

She threw her apron over her head and sobbed bitterly. "I think the danger is slight," replied the King. "That very ill-bred and unpleasant person who calls herself the Princess Sophonisba has neither charm nor the remotest shadow of beauty. Compared with you—" But words failed him from emotion.

"He don't care nothing for me, Dick don't," said Jane, dabbing her eyes viciously with a large red handkerchief.

The King was shocked.

"Is it possible!" he said. "But his heart must be cut out of a carrot! Mine is not, and, therefore, may I, dare I, think there is a chance for me? But now, dearest lady, what shall we do? There is nothing, I suppose, except to remain here and see what happens. I will most gladly learn anything you may think fit to teach me with regard to farming. You will, for instance, explain to me about that terrible animal the pig. Also I should much like to see some hens—those amiable birds which lay such delicious omelettes. It was considered beneath my dignity to look at them before, but now I think I may relax a little."

So from this moment things went on quite smoothly on the whole. The King, who was intelligent, soon learnt enough to pass off as a fairly average farm lad. He and Jane became great friends, though she firmly refused to marry him, and still adored Dick. However, she appreciated the King's admiration for red cheeks and flaming hair, which Dick had always quite openly disliked. So they lived quite happily for a month.

In the meanwhile Dick had fared badly. The Witch had almost at once fallen desperately in love with him, but when she told him to marry her at once he refused even more violently than the King, and when she tried to turn him into an hippopotamus she found she was so fond of him that the spell wouldn't work. Here was a tiresome state of things. Sophonisba was very much put out.

"Well, at least," she said, "you ungrateful boy, if you won't marry *me* nobody shall marry *you*. I wish I could be angry, but I seem to have lost the power. It is most provoking. But, come now, shall we make a bargain? I am going to do a thing which I believe no Witch besides myself has thought of. I am going to give you a long purple nose with yellow spots. You may go back home for five years, and if you cannot find any girl who will marry you during that time, then you must come back of your own accord and marry me. Do you consent? Is not this a fair arrangement?"

"Thank you, kindly, m'm," said Dick, only too glad to escape at any price. "That will do beautifully."

The next moment the Witch had stamped three times, and he found himself sitting in the middle of a large field not very far from the farm. How delighted he was to be out of the Witch's clutches. But his nose! It was bright purple with yellow spots, and so long that it hung to his waist, where it ended in a sort of hook. In itself it was a pretty object, though perhaps not becoming to a boy of Dick's type. However, he was not at all depressed, for he had a very good opinion of himself, and he thought that, what with his general intelligence, his amiable character and his peacock's feather, he should have little difficulty in finding a wife. So out he set to look for one. Great was his disappointment at the result. Not a girl could speak to him without laughing, children ran after him, dogs snapped at his nose, for they thought it was something good to eat, and he was once put into prison for three nights in a very strict town for appearing in such a manner on Sunday! He began to think of Jane. How kind she had always been! How he longed for her! "But *she* wouldn't look at me now," he thought, bitterly. "What's the use of troubling. I'd best go back to the Witch and have done with it." Nevertheless, he found himself one day at the end of the long green lane which lead to the farmhouse.

Jane and the King were standing at the garden gate as Dick tramped wearily towards them. As soon as Jane saw him

she dropped the bowl of chicken food she was carrying, rushed forward and threw her arms round his neck.

"Why!" she cried, "it's our Dick come home! Oh! Dick—I am glad to see you again!"

"But—my—nose," said Dick, sadly.

"Why, what's the matter with your nose? Yes, I see, it has changed colour a bit. But it's you I care about, not your nose," and she kissed its tip.

As she did so the whole nose came off, and there stood Dick snub-nosed as ever.

"Oh!" he cried. "Oh! Jane, I am so sorry! And I do like your red face and hair better than anything in the world. Indeed, I do, Jane. Will you forgive me, and let us get married at once?" For he was by this time really in love.

"Why, of course," said Jane; and they hugged each other fervently.

"Well, I suppose I must be running back to the palace," said the King, who was a little sad, but very pleased that Jane should be so happy. He, too, had resumed his true shape, for when Dick's nose fell off the spell was broken. "They

must be frightfully worried about me by this time, and I wonder if they ever remembered to start that war! Well, good-bye. I have really been very happy and have learnt a great deal, though I'm not yet *quite* clear about pigs. I hope I shall see you both very often at the palace, and I will give you your weight in gold every year as a wedding present." And after the most friendly farewells he left them.

So everything ended quite beautifully, and no one was a bit the worse. As to the Witch, she persuaded the red-faced coachman to marry her, which he did on condition that she would give him a fresh supply of dignity to make up for all he had lost. She agreed, and he now sits on a beautifully carved jet throne, and grows redder every day. The horses were returned to the King, since they were of no use to the Witch. But the spell to transform them again from brooms into horses didn't quite work, and they remained with birch-brooms for tails and a broomstick for one hind leg. However, this was a good thing, for the King presented them to Dick, who raised from them a new breed of horses which made him so rich that he was able to have mince-pies every day for dinner during the rest of his life!

BROOK-FISHING WITH THE WORM.

It must not be supposed that this most enjoyable phase of trout-fishing is easy work. Granted gin-clear water at summer level, it demands a very considerable amount of skill, and is a far more scientific mode of killing trout than the fly purist will admit. It is a form of sport more particularly belonging to the summer and early autumn months, when, during the daytime at least, fly-fishing is, generally speaking, more or less a failure. Indeed, in small brooks it would be for the most part impossible, so environed are they with foliage, brambles and rank weeds. It is then that the expert worm-

use a short line, an important desideratum. Winch and line as for fly-fishing. If the fisherman can make his own collars, I should advise refinucha gut, which is much finer than refina and undrawn, the collars not to exceed one and a-half yards long. However, collars tapered to 4x can be had from any tackle-maker; it is fine stuff, but absolutely necessary in the conditions mentioned. Pennell (two hook) tackle with hooks No. 14 completes the outfit, and one pellet of No. 3 shot should be pinched on seven inches above the hooks. Despite all that has been written about them, I have but a poor opinion of



Ward Muir.

A PROMISING SWIM.

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fisher scores, and when his fly-fishing brethren have exhausted patience and temper whipping larger streams, he is able to display a creel of fish often large in proportion to their narrow limits. Culled from long practical experience, the following rudimentary hints may be useful to the novice, and enable him, with practice, if really anxious to succeed, often to surprise his friends with a fine dish of trout. Imprimis, for the rod I shall decidedly recommend a fly-rod, not too whippy, of not less than ten and a-half feet, a length which will help the angler to keep away from the edge, reach further out in certain places, and to

brandling worms. They are not natural trout food, and although hungry fish will take them, generally speaking, and certainly when trout are not feeding well, earth-worms are far more deadly. The two most killing sorts I know are (1) small blackheads, the body inclining to a dingy buff colour, and (2) pinkish grey worms with a knot, to be procured in roadstuff or gardens. But in sultry, dry weather, when it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to obtain either of these, they can be cheaply purchased from the worm-sellers, and Mr. T. Holmes, Leeds, supplies them to me. They should not exceed two and

a-quarter inches before extension. To bait, the higher hook of the tackle should be inserted well below the head of the worm, which is then slightly looped and the end hook inserted; the worm will then hang most naturally. The little hooks are simply stuck in without any concealment, and some bran kept loose in the pocket facilitates the baiting process. As tackles are often lost by hitching in inaccessible branches, etc., several, ready shotted, should be taken, with spare collars. And now to the *modus operandi*. The first and last great principle of success is to keep out of sight of the fish. There can be no standing near the edge; indeed, the edge must be avoided in any position as a rule. The fisherman must stoop to conquer, and almost invariably make his approaches on his knees. If he can see the bottom clearly, he may be sure that the trout see him, and hide themselves at once. There is a peculiar slanting view of the water necessary which the intelligent angler will easily understand and acquire. The expert knows when he can safely stand, which will only be when he is screened from the water by bushes or high flaggers. It is indispensable to good fishing to work up-stream, since as trout always lie with their heads against the current, the fisherman gets at the blind side of them; besides, casting should be almost always up-stream. If it be desired to refish the same stretch down, little detours can be made and promising places fished upwards again. Supposing parts of the brook are fairly open, with scarcely more than the gut out, the first cast or two delivered underhand up-stream may be made close to the near bank if the water is not excessively shallow, the next further out, and, lastly, close to or under the far bank. Should the brook be extremely shallow on the angler's side and the main depth be near the far bank, nearer the centre may be first tried, and so on. The rod top is held as nearly as possible vertically over the travelling bait when the gut straightens, and the bait must not be hurried, but keep pace with the current. As it gets a little down-stream it will be picked up and recast up-stream. It is important to remember that in this process the rod top is kept as well up as may be, the worm humoured as it goes down, not far below the surface, by an occasional raising and lowering of the rod. This will be more especially done where the stream runs deeper. The gut should never be allowed to get within the top ring, as if line were wanted it would hitch. There are places where even one and a-half yards of gut will be too much for this matter. In such case I break off a strand or two and retie afterwards if necessary. It is very convenient to have a rod which permits line to be shot out freely through the rings when necessary to increase it to place the bait under holts at some distance; a little slack held by the finger and let go easily effects this purpose. The most favourable parts of brooks will be where thick runs with a broken surface purl along at a moderate speed under the shade of ferns, foliage, etc. Such spots should be



A WELSH MOUNTAIN STREAM.

very carefully tried, commencing at the tail and working gradually to the head. But all runs may be similarly treated. Trout hooked in these stickles should, where possible, be forced downwards so as not to alarm others lying above. Should any deep pools punctuate the course of a brook, do not hasten to the cascade or run coming in at the top. Begin near the tail, trying the near side, centre and other side by degrees. In such



H. Walker.

FROM THE HIGH PEAK.

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places dropping in the bait with a little "plump" close to an overhanging bush, letting it sink well and then raising it, and so on, is very attractive. The lure may also be neatly placed on a leaf, a rock, or the opposite bank and pulled gently off, when it falls in very naturally. Deepish guts, sometimes quite or almost still water, are likely spots. Here the worm may be manœuvred by hand and sunk and drawn with advantage. The fisherman is certain to meet with very fishy-looking places so guarded by foliage that no sort of cast can be safely made.

If there is a small opening among the twigs, seize the gut just above the bait with the left hand, bend the top of the rod just sufficiently, take accurate aim and let go. As to getting out the tackle or a hooked fish, that must be left to chance or skill. Nothing venture, nothing have. Brook-trout have to be held, as much as one dares, to keep them out of mischief. Brambles, roots, etc., abound in most places; once let a fish get round them and it is generally good-bye. A landing-net is often useful, as trout impossible to lift on extra fine gut are by no means uncommon. Where, owing to bushes interfering, a promising run cannot be fished up, allow the bait to travel down-stream with a loose line; it may be checked when halfway and slowly drawn against the current, then let back for a few moments. It can then be allowed to go on down to the end of the run and the same tactics pursued. There is little use in pegging away at one spot because a fish has been caught there; after two or three more casts, better try higher up. Unless a hard bite is felt, I should not advise extra prompt striking with

Pennell tackle. In most cases the expert will perceive his gut begin to move up or across before he feels a bite, or he will feel less a decided bite than the electrical touch of something living. In my experience it is judicious to give just a couple of seconds to allow the trout to get the worm and hooks well into its mouth; then let the quick, but not violent, stroke be given, in the down-stream direction where possible. See that both hooks are

always embedded in the worm and that the bait is lively; a half-dead worm is not nearly so attractive. Practice is required to be able to place the worm in the exact spot desired to the inch, and, as experience grows, the most favourable points to aim at or drop in will become thoroughly known. Trout often take greedily on scorching, bright days in dead low water, and warm, showery weather is propitious. The worst conditions are in coldish, bright, windy weather or immediately before a change. Trout usually get a bit "off" about 3 p.m., but are nearly sure to come on again as evening falls. At dusk they are more on the move, feeding, and may be got then in quite shallow places. Under road bridges are generally sure haunts for good fish.

In brooks holding sea-trout, which usually commence running early in July, any large, deep pool not far above the estuary will be sure to harbour them, forming a resting-place on their course. Should a spate come down, they will leave it and go on; but if the stream continues low, they will remain there a considerable time and be constantly recruited by others. I have occasionally killed these beautiful fish in the daytime; but undoubtedly they take best from dusk onwards. For these 2x gut and No. 13 hooks are advisable after twilight. A sea-trout

bites very gently, and takes more time over the worm than *S. fario*. It is therefore advisable, on the first touch, to lower the point of the rod towards the fish, and not strike before five or six seconds.

It is deft and canny work, requiring, in my opinion, more brains than any fly-fishing, and to the lover of Nature it is interesting in the extreme. Kingfishers and water-ousels flit up and down the stream, the vole will be noticed softly stemming a current, endless varieties of the insect tribe are to be met with, and wild flowers flourish on every side. I think the principal charm of brook-fishing lies in a rich pastoral country, where, certainly, the largest trout will be found, sometimes up to three pounds, and often of and exceeding one pound. Moorland brooks, with their hardy though small fish, do not appeal so much to the writer, who loves the wooded meads where

Daisies pied and violets blue
And Lady Smocks all silver white
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

G. GARROW-GREEN.

SOME SPORT IN SENEGAMBIA.

WHILE the West Coast of Africa can in no way compare with the East Coast in the quantity and variety of game

which has made the latter such a popular winter resort, yet in certain parts the sport to be obtained is of the very best; for there is none of the plain shooting where the only qualification necessary is a straight shot at long range and the minimum of knowledge of the beasts is required. It is nearly all bush shooting, and includes a lot of expert tracking, which, though it has to be left chiefly to the native hunter, is profoundly interesting to the man who, by picking up all he can of the tricks of the trade, aspires to emulate the wild man's close association with the beasts. Senegambia furnishes excellent hunters, better trackers than any I have met in other parts of Africa, and in most cases extremely keen for a few days; but the inherent laziness of the African comes out as in men of other trades, and the ordinary village hunter, directly he kills something, returns at once to his village for several days' rest. One curious thing I noticed about these hunters: they had extraordinarily poor eyesight. Though excellent at spooring, they constantly walked right into beasts without seeing them. Of course, one cannot rightly expect a man to see everything when



OUR MOUNTED GENDARME.

he has to divide his attention between the ground and the bush in front, and it is possible that it is not always their eyesight which is in fault. As a friend of mine very pertinently remarked, they keep one eye on the ground, one in front and the other in the trees, meaning that the black man in the bush is always rather more on the look-out for honey than anything else;

and you may be pretty sure they will not pass a tree with a hole in it without glancing up to see if it is tenanted by bees.

Their method of stalking, too, is different to the white man's. The latter's one idea is to hide himself, the native's to watch the beast. He will often disdain the friendly ant-heap, keeping more or less in view of the quarry, his object being never to lose sight of its head; so when it turns his way he stands stock still. It is extraordinary to see a beast staring straight at one when one is practically in full view, and after mature consideration come to the conclusion that the suspicious-looking objects are only trees or ant-heaps. There seems to be a lot in the native method. In a bush country it



AT DAWN.

is very difficult to pick a beast up when it is at all hidden. If you have succeeded in gaining the shelter of a tree or ant-heap and lost sight of it for the moment, you are apt to fail to spot the animal again. It is more than likely that it has moved and is standing partly hidden, with the result that you expose yourself in the belief that you are still concealed. And the Senegambian beasts are no fools. Barring the two hartebeestes, the antelopes and even the buffaloes are the smartest beasts I have ever met; and many is the time when I have approached a roan antelope and successfully hidden myself behind an ant-heap, only to see on poking my nose round the corner the beast going for all it was worth. The hartebeestes, viz., the *corrigum* and *Bubalis major*, like their brothers elsewhere, are distinguished by their stupidity mixed with great cunning. This makes them at times idiotically confiding, and at other times the quickest sighted and most easily scared animals in Africa.

Native hunters scarcely ever crawl after game, but bend down, considerably lower than any ordinary white man can do, approaching the game at a great pace when its head is turned away. I have noticed this on both sides of Africa, and I believe that a fairly upright position is the best, as being more easily blended with the trunks of trees than the crawling position, which forms a bulky object at the very height that affords least cover.

The bush varies little throughout Senegambia. It consists mainly of low, stunted trees and bushes. During the rainy season, and for a long time after, grass to the height of twelve feet prevails everywhere, and hunting is out of the question. When this is burnt off the ground is left bare, and in most places so hard that only the best trackers can hope to follow a beast, and then only the heavy varieties, unless the soil is specially soft.

Some of our best sport was obtained when camping at a village in the interior. The chief of the village was a great friend of ours, a man of education, having been caught young by the French and educated at the college at St. Louis. He was not a native of this part, but specially sent by the French Governor to bring a somewhat unmanageable native population into line. He was invaluable to us in supplying us with the best guides, hunters, etc. We also had a mounted gendarme with us the whole time, lent by the French Government. He was an excellent fellow and most useful. It was rather a squalid village, with a great cotton tree in the middle, under which the inhabitants of the male persuasion sat in placid idleness throughout the day, while their women did the work. Luckily, there was also a magnificent cotton tree some three hundred yards away, under which we made our camp. The sun is as strong in these parts as anywhere, up to 12 o'clock in the

shade, and the tent is not a desirable habitation during the afternoon. So we had a grass shelter made. As this was to be our headquarters for some time, we had it made about fifteen by ten yards. We were thus able to live in great comfort and to enjoy comparative coolness. On each side, at a distance of a mile or two from the village, one might come across game, roan antelope and hartebeeste being the commonest of the large varieties, while buffalo, eland, bushbuck, reedbuck and lion were to be found, and oribi and duiker and warthog in numbers. Elephant spoor was often seen also, and one day we came across the carcase of a



AN OLD BULL BUFFALO.

splendid big fellow, who, I imagine, had died of wounds and been afterwards found by natives, who had only cut out the tusks. It must have been dead some time when they found it, as the meat was not touched, even though the native of these parts is not very particular and would gladly make a feast on stuff that would fetch the sanitary inspector round in any self-respecting community. It was a most uncanny sight, this elephant. A crowd of gorged vultures were sitting on it, round it and in it. Some had been busily excavating the most remote recesses. The whole skin had shrunk on to the body and was as hard as nails, the dryness of the atmosphere combining with the sun to prevent it rotting. Droppings of innumerable vultures, streaking the dull grey with white, lent an uncanny look to this emblem of death. Judging by the tusk cavities, the ivory may have been of fair size, perhaps forty to sixty pounds apiece. Curiously enough, although the country was fairly similar on every side, the buffalo were on one side of the camp only, the eland on the other. The buffalo side had much bamboo, mostly mixed with ordinary bush.

I started out one day to try for buffalo, and had a five hours' walk without seeing a sign of anything except a native hunter, whom I might well have shot in mistake for a beast of sorts. He was a plain-looking savage, with his forehead tied tightly round with a string of beads and carrying two calabashes of water, several knives of various sizes and very little else, excepting his gun, a weapon of the worst gas-pipe character, price eight shillings new at the nearest French store, and much more likely to blow him up than to hurt anything else. He had the tail or mane of every animal he had shot, or, as I imagine, got somehow, fastened on to the stock of his gun, and, I should think, desired nothing less than to find himself anywhere near a buffalo or an elephant. The usual missile is a forged iron bullet, but stones, bits of cooking-pots, etc. are in use. Bursting guns and maimed niggers are such a common affair that they might be expected to take warning; but, so far from this being the case, the French stores sell enormous quantities of



BOS CAFFER PLANICEROS. (RECORD HEAD.)

their gas-pipe weapons, the stock made of deal, painted pink. The only precaution the natives think fit to take is to turn the head away at the moment of firing, a method of aiming which would scarcely find favour at Bisley.

However, to resume hunting. We were on the way back to camp when we came into fresh tracks of buffalo, about midday. We started at once in pursuit, and had not gone a mile when we spotted a dark form lying down among the bamboos. The herd we were following had naturally spread over some space, and to my consternation I saw that a native tracker, who had been given us by the chief, was still following the spoor, ignorant of the fact that the buffalo were only about eighty yards off, and looked like walking into them. However, my gun-bearer gave a peculiar call, quite loud, a sort of falsetto staccato shout, which stopped our friend the native at once and without in the least scaring the buffalo. I feel sure an ordinary whistle would have sent them off at a gallop, so I made a mental note of his method. Turning on the Zeiss glasses, I began to see several forms, but could make nothing of them owing to the thick bamboo. However, my gun-bearer, Booboo, an excellent fellow, and I managed to get to an ant-heap about fifty yards off, and I made out many forms, but particularly three lying in such a muddle that they seemed to be one many-headed beast. The wind was puffy, and I think they got a taint, as all three suddenly stood up broadside on and in a row, just as if they had been harnessed three abreast.

Luckily, there was no doubt which one was the bull. He stood nearly a foot higher than the cow in front



IN GOOD CONDITION.

these buffaloes belong to a race previously only known by the horns, viz., *Bos caffer planiceros*, and that they are much larger than any of the named races from more southern districts of the West Coast.

Another day I had a piece of luck, finding tracks within a mile of the village gardens, and coming on two bulls within half a mile. They were quite ignorant of danger, and I gave them both a soft-nosed behind the shoulder, which brought them up, and another shot or two finished them. One was just about the same as my previous bull, while the other was younger. Whereas the old bulls are black with tan all down the front and under parts and on ears and eyes, this younger bull, whose horns measured twenty-six inches, had a lot of tan colour on his face, and the same colour extended well up his sides. Only his back was really black. The cows of this species and the young ones are tan-coloured all over, and the former have their horns much more upright, some almost meeting at the tips.

One hears awful stories of the savage temper of these buffalo, and it appears that natives often get killed when hunting them. However, as three which we shot had native iron bullets in them, it is not unnatural for them to be a bit soured and inclined to look on man as an undesirable acquaintance. I am inclined to take these stories *cum grano*, especially as my hunters showed no signs of timidity. I must say I have never myself met with any incivility from them, though I have several times followed and come on wounded ones. One, indeed, was put up eight times and never offered to charge.

However, a friend of mine had a different experience with them not so far from this same place. He came on a herd of about eight, and fired at the one he could see best. At the shot the whole herd rushed in his direction and, on getting near,

they apparently got the wind, and charged straight down on the ant-heap behind which he and his gun-bearer were sitting. When the bull got to about ten yards it caught sight of its assailant, and my informant says he saw its expression change as it turned slightly and made a deliberate charge. He fired at a range of six yards, and the beast rushed on a short distance and fell dead, the cows with it turning off slightly at the shot, and so clearing him. Meanwhile the gun-bearer blazed at the already wounded cow at a few yards' range, and luckily got it in the eye, killing it. This shows that they can at times be exceedingly nasty.

F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.



BRINGING IN THE MEAT.

of him. So, as he put up his head and the lady put hers down, he got a bullet where the neck joins the shoulder, and pandemonium at once reigned. I ran forward, and got a fine view of twenty or more buffalo galloping off, smashing bamboos at every stride, and could have had several more shots, but was content with my first, whom I could now see lying on the ground. We secured his whole skin for museum purposes. It was a difficult operation, and took a lot of men to bring it in. Its head measured thirty inches across, the previous best head in Rowland Ward's book measuring twenty-three inches. Mr. Lydekker of the South Kensington Museum states that



WATFORD is now one of Hertfordshire's considerable towns, with a population of some thirty thousand souls. But in old time it was part of the manor of Cashio, and the gates that open into Cassiobury's splendid park are on the outskirts of the town. It was an estate belonging to the Abbot of St. Albans before the Norman Conquest, and

so continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry VIII. then granted it to Sir Richard Morrison, whom he had employed on foreign diplomatic missions. Eighty years later, when Sir Richard's grandson, Sir Charles Morrison, died, the estate passed to his only child, Elizabeth, and so to her husband, Arthur Capel. The Capels had been seated in Hertfordshire somewhat longer than the Morrisons, their chief manor being

that of Little Hadham, in the northern part of the county, and that, rather than his wife's inheritance, remained Arthur Capel's home. There he lived quietly during the years of Charles I.'s personal government, but was sent up as Knight of his Shire to the 1640 Parliaments to protest against the unconstitutional methods of Lord Strafford. He soon learnt that patriots could be as selfish and tyrannical as kings, and in 1641 we find him throwing in his lot with Charles and being created Lord Capel of Hadham. He raised troops and fought for the Royal cause, but when that seemed lost he compounded for his sequestered estates. He saw much of his Sovereign in the Hampton Court days, and was privy to the plan of flight to the Isle of Wight. When Charles appealed from Parliament to people in 1648, Capel was ready to take up arms once more, and was one of the leaders shut up in Colchester who surrendered to Fairfax in August. Some months later he escaped from the Tower, but was caught. In March, 1649, he was "murdered for his loyalty to King Charles I.," as his epitaph in Little Hadham Church tells us. Of the early years of his son Arthur little is known; but his father's fate gave him a great hold on the restored Stuarts, and we find him Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire in 1663 and Earl of Essex in the next year. Although his father had had but a life interest in the estate, which was thus saved to the Earl, his fortunes had been much impaired during Commonwealth days, and he might, no doubt, have obtained lucrative office but for a strong strain of independence and Whiggery that showed itself even in the early days of the Restoration, when loyalty was at a premium. An honest, capable, well-informed man,



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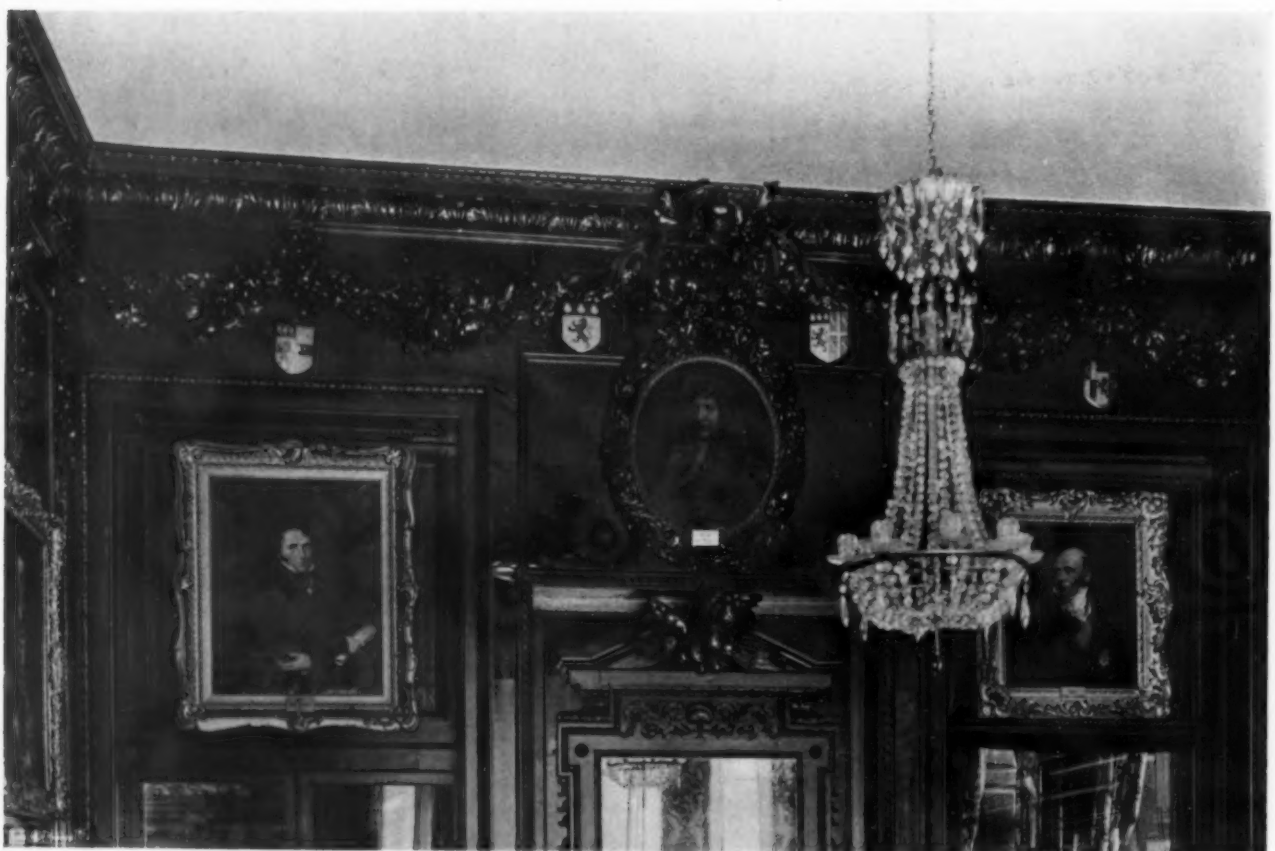
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AN OVER-DOOR IN THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM.

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IN THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.
Showing the portrait of the widowed Lady Capel and her children.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Charles II. greatly respected him, but found him awkward if close at hand. He therefore sent him as his Ambassador to Denmark in 1670 and to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant in 1672.

By this time probably his finances had recovered, and he determined to desert Little Hadham for Cassiobury. Here stood the house of the Morrisons, begun, it would seem, by Sir

how much of it was ever completed. The engraving of it by Kip shows a great H-shaped house with fifteen windows along each side, not unlike Holme Lacy—a Palladian building of the same date and likewise built on the site of an older house. But the general grouping of the house as shown by Kip does not tally with the Cassiobury of to-day, a building which, though it contains a fine suite of reception-rooms of Charles II.'s time, was



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THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Richard under Henry VIII., and completed by his son in the days of Elizabeth. This did not suit the Earl of Essex, who wished to house himself sumptuously in the more classic style of his day, and he employed Hugh May, the King's architect at Windsor, to make designs for rebuilding Cassiobury in stately fashion. There unfortunately appear to be no records at Cassiobury that tell us of the precise date of the rebuilding or

altered in pseudo-Gothic style by James Wyatt a hundred years ago.

Lord Essex was the best Lord-Lieutenant that Ireland knew in that age; but his love of justice for those he governed and of honesty in administration made him very unpopular with the Royal mistresses and courtiers at Whitehall, who wanted to get something out of Ireland. His every action was



THE LITTLE DINING-ROOM OVERMANTEL.

interfered with in Dublin and misrepresented in London by Lord Ranelagh, who batted on misgovernment, since he was given the revenues of Ireland on condition of paying the civil and military charges of the Crown. Charles, therefore, was somewhat reluctantly driven to recall Essex in 1677, who probably found his rebuilt seat ready for his occupation, although the full design was not then, and probably never, carried out. Evelyn visited it in 1680, and wrote thus of it in his Diary: "The house is new, a plaine fabric, built by my friend Mr. Hugh May. There are divers faire and good roomes, and excellent carving by Gibbons, especially the chimney-piece of y^e library. There is in the porch or entrance a painting by Verrio, of Apollo and the Liberal Arts. One roome parquettted with yew, which I lik'd well. Some of the chimney mantles are of Irish marble, brought by my Lord from Ireland when he was Lord Lieutenant, and not much inferior to Italian." He goes on to describe the well-stocked library and other rooms, but adds that one of the wings was not yet built and that other portions were unfinished. We may be allowed to wish that it had remained so to the present day and had not suffered from Wyatt's hands. But he might have wrought even greater damage than he did, for we still find there a fine staircase and a noble suite of rooms retaining the features given them by Hugh May as an architect and by Grinling Gibbons as a designer and carver of splendid woodwork.

The Cassiobury staircase is carried out in a soft wood. It seems to be pine, but that is not clearly visible, as it is now stained a dark colour and heavily varnished, as is all Gibbons's work in this house. The perforated panels are made out of slabs which could certainly not have been less than five inches thick, so that the acanthus foliage is most natural in the expanse and freedom of its curves and turns. It may well be that these panels are Gibbons's own handiwork. They are entirely masterly in treatment, and it is doubtful whether, at this early date in his career, Gibbons had pupils or assistants whose technique was anything like as good as his own even when working under his eye. On the staircase strings we find the utmost prominence given to the favourite badge of the Royalists after the Restoration. They substituted oak leaves and acorns for the bay leaf and berries which had been used freely as a decorative motive by Inigo Jones. The son of the man who was held to have been murdered for his loyalty would naturally adopt it largely despite his Whiggism. We can trace it in more than one of Gibbons's compositions in this house, but nowhere so conspicuously as on the staircase strings. They

are boldly treated and of great depth, the oak leaf wreath being nine inches wide on the rising string and twelve on that of the landing. The staircase, together with a series of halls, all of Wyatt Gothic, lies behind the suite of rooms designed by May. It comprises ten in all, ranging from vast apartments, like the Great Dining-room, down to a little room, off the large Library, which is barely ten feet square. In nine of these we can trace the influence of Grinling Gibbons, and in six of them the whole of the ornamental features are his work. The north-west corner of the house is occupied by the Great Dining-room, which, from the complete character of the decorative scheme of carved borders and frames to great panels holding pictures, should be compared with the famous Petworth example. The east side of the room has a fireplace in the centre. The mantel-pieces described by Evelyn as "not much inferior to Italian," and as made of marble from Ireland, have everywhere disappeared. The existing ones are mostly of English-Empire style, and must have been substituted for the originals at the period of the Wyatt alterations. With this exception the scheme of the dining-room remains untouched. Over the mantel-piece is the picture of the widowed Lady Capel and her children entirely surrounded by elaborate carvings, starting with an eagle with outstretched wings holding a bay leaf sprig or olive branch in its beak. Perhaps ere Gibbons reached this part of the work the Earl had taken a political distaste to the oak, of which an acorn sprig is in the mouth of a quite similar bird at Petworth, and another was at Holme Lacy until the sale in January.

Wreaths of fruit and flower start on each side of the Cassiobury bird and continue till they meet below the picture. On each side of this central feature are panels of great size, but in their case, as also in that of the south wall panels, the carving only occupies the top and two-thirds of the sides. Their scheme starts at the top with a shield placed in an elaborate scrolled cartouche, and it continues in wreathed flowers and fruit of a kind similar to the fuller design of the fireplace. The windows are to the west, and between them are narrow panels filled with what was termed a drop, that is, a rich mass of fruits and flowers strung together and held up by a ribbon. A similar device occurs between the windows of the Badminton dining-room, but there dead birds are added to the flowers. The north end of the room is screened off by fluted Ionic columns, and the spaces between the half columns against the walls and the detached columns that flank the centre opening are filled to dado height with perforated panels, such as we have just seen on the staircase, and such as were often used at this date for altar rails in Wren's churches.



IN THE RECESS OF THE LITTLE DINING-ROOM.



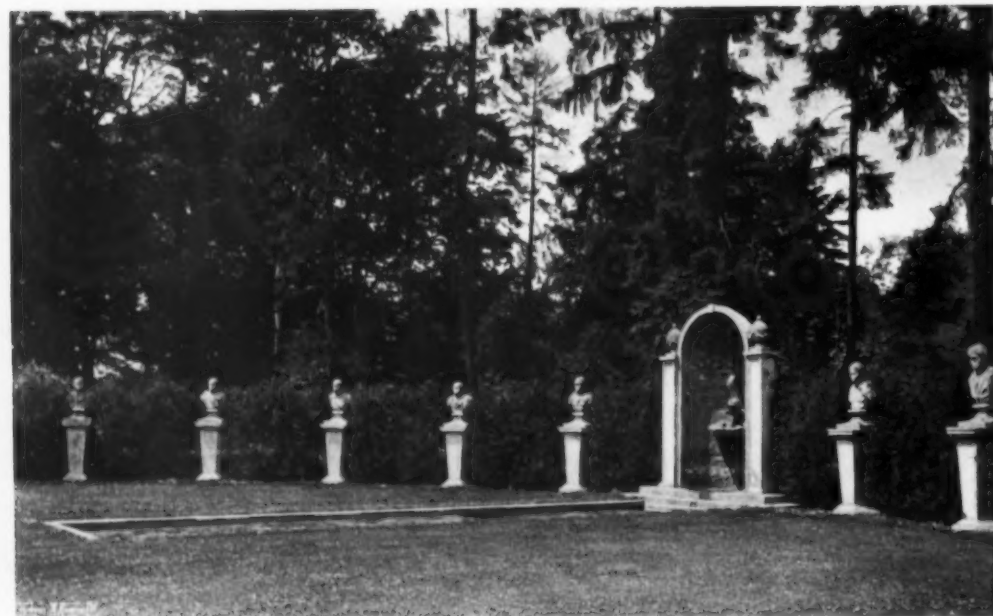
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THE TRELLISED WALL AND THE PERGOLA. "COUNTRY LIFE"



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THE FORECOURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SEMI-CIRCLE WITH THE CÆSARS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

In the central division of the north side of the dining-room the carved swags do not descend as far as they do in the case of the side panels. They are stopped by the great doorway which gives into the Oval Room, so called from the shape of its painted ceiling. Evelyn refers to a painting by Verrio in "the porch or entrance," which may be this room. The word "oval" only applies to the centre part of the ceiling. This is lifted from the marginal portion, which forms little more than spandrels, and the vertical sides of the lifted portion are occupied by a deep moulding elaborately carved, the chief member of it being treated with an acanthus leaf pattern in Gibbons's usual cornice manner. A doorway corresponding to that from the dining-room leads into the Green Drawing-room. Here all the carved woodwork is gilt. The arrangement of the mantelpiece is very similar to that in the Great Dining-room. An eagle again occupies the central position at the top of the design. But the distinctive point in this room is the treatment of the over-doors. The framing of fruit and flowers is conceived in rather a closer and more solid manner than is usual with Gibbons, and encompasses on three sides charming grisaille pictures of boys. The double doors are in the centre of the north and south ends, and that to the south opens into the Great Library. It corresponds at the one end of this front to the dining-room at the other end, but it is lit from the south, as its western wall is merely a partition between it and an excrescence containing the Inner Library and the small room. The Inner Library must have been considerably altered in 1800, but it is still rich in the work of Gibbons. The east side has a deep frieze of fruit and flower swags running across it, and beneath the central festoon there is a carved frame enclosing a portrait of William Lord Russell, who was implicated with Lord Essex in the Rye House affair, and was executed for treason a week after Lord Essex had been found dead in the Tower. The north side of the room is treated in a manner which leads to the conclusion that the fireplace, now in the south wall, originally stood here. The usual arrangement of scrolls and festoons starts from a central basket filled with flowers, which should be compared with one in the Petworth room. These baskets are, of course, part of the carving in limewood, but between the windows in the large Library, and rather high up, are panels containing other baskets full of fruit and flowers two feet across and fully one foot in projection, where the basket-work is made of osiers

stained and varnished to resemble the rest of the work. This assuredly must have been an easy mode of effecting a renewal in recent times. The chimney-piece in the Great Library deserves the praise that Evelyn gave it, for the rope-like oak leaf swags give form to the whole composition and prevent the bold natural treatment of the fruit and flowers from offending the canons of decorative proportions. In the little ten-foot square room we find Gibbons again well represented. "Drops" occupy small panels and swags give finish to the doorway, while a large portrait of Lady Carnarvon is richly surrounded.

In Lady Essex's sitting-room on the south side of the house there are a good doorway and an untouched plaster ceiling of fine contemporary work, especially the heraldic cartouches combined with oak leaf wreaths in the cornice, but there is nothing in this apartment of Grinling Gibbons's own handiwork. The last room where we find him well represented is the Little Dining-room. The compositions over the mantel-piece and at the back of the recess are fine and distinctive, but the room as a whole is not at all in its original condition. Only in the recess do we see what the panelling and ceiling were at first like. The ceiling of the room itself is modern, and the screen of the recess must be the same, although old material may have been used.

The first Earl of Essex is not likely to have done any further building at Cassiobury after that April day in 1680 when Evelyn declared that it would be "a very noble palace" when the full design had been carried out. There was a moment after Essex's return from Ireland when he seemed likely to hold a very prominent position in the councils of his King, for he was put at the head of the Treasury when Danby fell in 1679, and when Charles, for a time, relied upon the Whig or Country Party for his Ministers. But Charles's financial measures were not those of Essex. He seems to have refused to pay out money given by the King to his mistresses, or to accept the subsidy that Louis XIV. was offering to his brother of England. The "niceness of touching French money" was too much for his "squeazy stomach," and so he resigned office and formed, with Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, that trio of Whigs whose plans and secret meetings led to their arrest on the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683. One of the conspirators, Lord Howard of Escrick, turned King's evidence, and it was on his information that a party of horse was sent down to Cassiobury to arrest Essex. The cause of his death soon after in the Tower was long a matter of controversy. The Whigs said he had

been murdered, the Court party held that he had committed suicide. That the latter version is the correct one is now accepted.

Cassiobury descended to his son, and has continued in his male line down to the present day. Despite the complete alteration of the exterior architecture and the eighteenth century revulsion against formal gardening, there are still features about Cassiobury that remind one of the days when Evelyn wrote that: "The gardens are very rare, and cannot be otherwise, having so skilled an artist to govern them as Mr. Cooke, who is, as to y^e mechanic part, not ignorant in mathematics, and pretends to astrologie. There is an excellent collection of the choicest fruit." It was not

so much the gardens as the groves that made Cassiobury noted for its "rural excellences." The open parterres were soon crossed, and then a large acreage of geometrically set trees, leaving great radiating alleys with large open circles at the intersections, formed the chief feature. Despite the action of Nature reasserting herself by lapse of time and the alterations made by succeeding ages, these great plantations and open groves can still, in a certain measure, be traced. There are also wide lawns set with stately cedars, some of which date from the days of Moses Cook. On the edge of the lawn stands the simple but effective orangery, with its adequate sash barring that reminds us of the example at Longleat. Many delightful garden incidents have been added by the present Lady Essex, who is keenly interested in her garden. Such is the great grass semi-circle bounded by a tall yew hedge, in front of which stand busts of the twelve Caesars on stone pedestals flanking an alcove, wherein a dolphin spouts water into a great



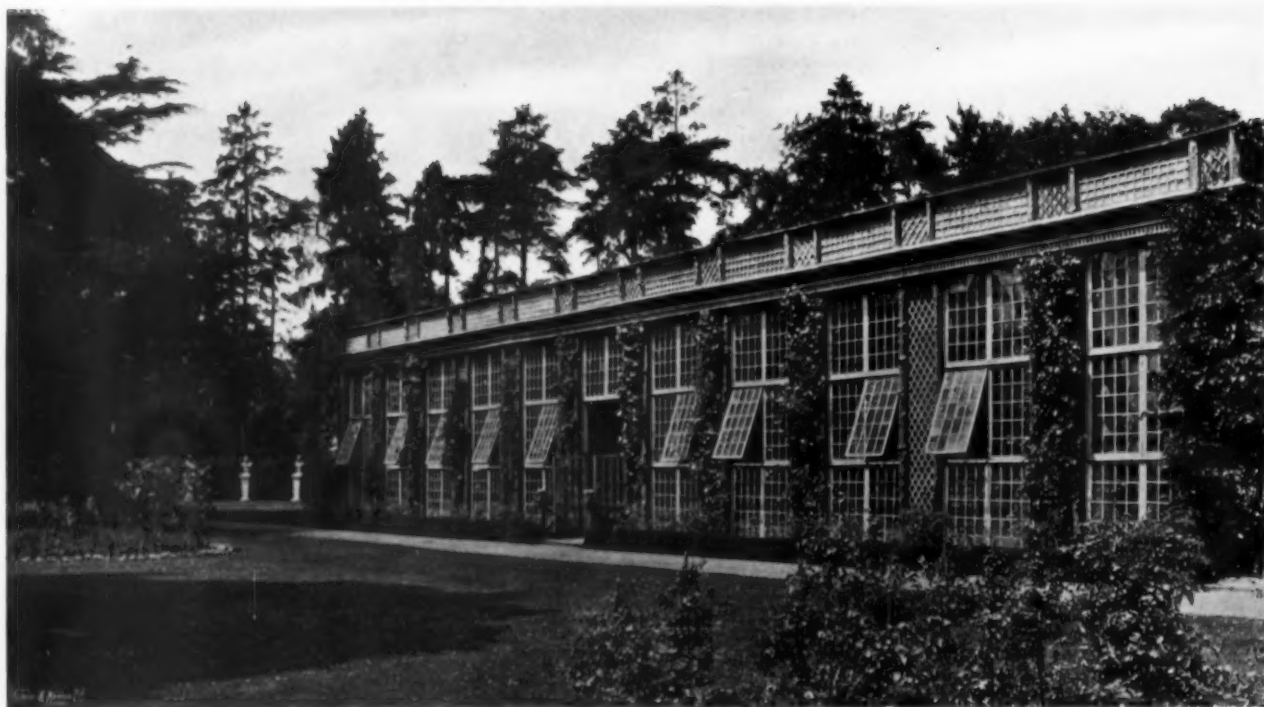
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A PIPING BOY IN LEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

shell. A wall pierced by roundels and faced with a trellis, on which roses grow luxuriantly, ends in a seat shaded by a pergola of stone columns and oak rafters. Backed by trees and ivy and standing on great blocks of mossy stone is one of the delightful leaden boys produced by Mr. Bühner of Malmesbury, of which another charming example may be seen at Hartham Park in Wiltshire.

Cassiobury has had its ups and downs, and is one of the too frequent examples that teach us that alteration is not always an improvement. But it is still a house of noble apartments, containing many fine pictures, good furniture and other treasures, set in great and delightful grounds and surrounded by a grandly-timbered park. Therein all is peace and quiet;



Copyright.

THE ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the aloofness of the old-world country home far from the haunts of men reigns there still, and Watford and its rows of villas and its busy streets are forgotten as soon as the lodge gates are passed.

THE HARVEST OF THE MANACLES.

THERE was a nip in the east wind and the breakers churned into creamy foam as they broke over the jagged rocks of the Manacles and swirled away in eddies and angry ripples where the treacherous peaks lay beneath the surface, like an ambushed foe waiting for prey. The little dark-sailed smacks were reefing as the breeze freshened on running back to the shelter of their coves, for an easterly blow is not to be trifled with on that side of the Lizard, and the stalwart young Cornish fisherman, who learnt the position of every sunken rock with his A B C, shook his head at the mention of dropping our fishing-lines that day, and said port was the best place for boats till a shift of wind. Yet far down in those depths, when the weather is fair, lie the rich harvest-grounds of the toilers of the sea. The harvest that is reaped by the fishermen or the waves as the crop may be. The harvest that no man sows. So the bronzed Cornishman sat on the cliffs, and as he puffed at his pipe and mended his nets discoursed to me of the incidents of toil and danger and simple excitements which fill the lives of these hardy people and encompass their horizons from start to finish as their seine-nets do the fish.

First and foremost of all the great events of the year is the pilchard-catching, and the mackerel is like unto it, or of scarcely less importance. Small local syndicates, having at the largest one hundred members at three pounds per share, stand the expenses of this annual marine venture, and when the catch is landed and disposed of take half the profits, the fishermen taking the other half; but sometimes a party of boatmen club together and do a little launch-out "on their own," buying some boats and a seine-net and taking the whole risk and profits themselves. One of the chief expenses is the wages (one pound per week) of the watcher, called the heuer, who stands on a certain lofty cliff all day long from August 1st till December watching for a shoal. This he sees from the colour of the water, which becomes as red as blood, though why I do not know, as the fish are silver! When he sees this he yells out "Heva!" and hoists a flag on a pole. Instantly the whole country-side is in a tumult; men and women yell the call to battle at the top of their voices, throw down any other work they have in hand and run to the beach as if they were firemen called to a fire. Here the boats are always in readiness, winches, oars and seine-nets all to hand, as there is no time to lose, and very soon the four that work together are pulling off as if for their lives, their course directed by signs from the heuer on the cliff. One

boat anchors near shore and from her winch connects by a rope called the treath with the other boats and the seine-net which is gradually spread out in a wide horseshoe; and as this fills with fish it is narrowed at the ends till the fish are completely enclosed in a ring. Then it is drawn close to shore, and the heuer, who is always an adept at the business, estimates the weight and value of the catch. This he does mainly by the colour. The redder the mass of fish appears the heavier are they packed. A record price, I believe, was twenty-three shillings per thousand, but they have been sold down to seven shillings and sixpence per thousand, or twenty-two shillings and sixpence per hogshead (three thousand). News having been telegraphed to the dealers in Penzance, Falmouth and other places, vessels arrive post-haste from there to purchase. They anchor as near shore as possible, and the fish are transferred into their holds by a smaller net which draws them out of the big seine-net. These latter are, of course, very strong, their dimensions being about one hundred and fifty fathoms long and twelve fathoms deep. The great solid seine boats are built for about fifty pounds each and rowed by eight men, their dimensions being thirty feet by fifteen feet or a little less. The pilchards are cured and packed in barrels in all the small local towns and go in large quantities to Italy, where they form a staple article of food.

But it is the line-fishing which, lasting as it does all the year round, is the mainstay for the fishermen and the great producer of their daily bread, and it is in this that visitors spending pleasant and healthy holidays in the Cornish villages delight to join. A two hundred fathom line is used, with hooks at every fathom baited with slices of pilchard, or any other dainty that appeals to piscatorial tastes. This is laid well in-shore during spring tides, further out at neaps, and is left down for an hour, during which time of waiting fish are caught with a small hand-line and artificial bait. Then when the line comes up it may have a large variety upon it. Pollack, ling, cod, skate, bream and conger all go to the markets from here. The conger sell for ten shillings per hundredweight, and may weigh from three pounds to seventy pounds. A fisherman recently had seven hundredweight in one haul on two "Boulters" (too hundred hooks). The shell-fish are magnificent here, too. A favourite spot for lobsters is by the Manacle bell-buoy. My informant has taken them there up to thirteen pounds and crabs heavier still. The lobsters are caught in pots, but the crabs in special nets, made with heavy nine-pound twine and a very large mesh.

And what of the other harvest—that reaped on those cruel rocks by the pitiless waves? The answer comes from the village churchyards, where the graves of the drowned lie thick—aye, and from the cliffs and fields, where the very stiles are made of the timbers and beams of wrecked ships. Since the bell-buoy was placed there nine years ago the casualties have greatly diminished, but up to then three or four wrecks a year have been frequently known to take place. In St. Keverne's fine Norman church, high up above the sea, the old caretaker has a look in her face of never-to-be-forgotten horror when she

tells of the awful sight there in 1898, when fifty-two of the one hundred and six who perished in the *Mohegan* were laid out on the stone floor of the church and there identified by broken-hearted relatives who hastened there from all parts on hearing of the wreck. The Ionic cross, which shows where forty-two of them lie in one grave, has simply and significantly the one word "*Mohegan*" on it in large raised granite letters, as if the tragedy connected with that name told its own tale. Near by is a large plot covering all that remains of one hundred and twenty soldiers, whose vessel was wrecked on the shores of their homeland when returning from the wars; and close to that large grave is another, where eighteen men of the 7th Hussars are buried, who were drowned on returning from the Peninsular War. But (thank God) not all the vessels that during recent years have gone to their doom on the jagged pinnacles of "*The Voices*," "*The Fin*" and others of the ledge have carried human lives to destruction with them; the gallant efforts of the lifeboatmen have snatched them from the jaws of death even among the seething waves and sunken perils of that terrible spot.

This was the case in the wreck of a fine three-masted sailing-ship laden with grain from South America, which in three days was broken completely to pieces, her destruction being hastened by her grain cargo, which, when it got wet, swelled

and burst open both the sides of the vessel and her decks. The fatal attraction of these rocks for vessels is a mystery which has never been satisfactorily explained. Steamers like the *Paris* and the *Mohegan* are right off their course when they touch them, and their officers never seem to be able to account for the error—at least, those who survive to be questioned! Whether there is a strong inset of the tide on a spring flood, or whether some attraction on the land affects the compass, has never yet been decided; but it is quite certain that in the Helford River the latter is the case. My fisherman friend told me that on a tug there once he noticed the compass was pointing south-west when their course was west. "Yes," said the master of the tug, "that is always the case here; the mercury in the cliffs affects the compass!"

From the bungalow above Porthkerris Cove where I was staying, out there in the darkness of the night and the surging of the waters I could hear fitfully and intermittently the deep-toned note of the bell-buoy tolling, it seemed to me, the knell of the souls that have perished among the cruel rocks, and I thought not of the happy harvesting of the fishers singing and laughing as they hauled in their lines on a sparkling summer sea, but of the black nights and the thundering seas, and the grim Reaper busy with his scythe when the souls of men and women and children are the grain.

The harvest which no man sows.

MAUDE SPEED.

EXTENDING THE FISH SUPPLY.

SIR J. CRICHTON BROWNE, in his presidential address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Congress, paid a well-merited compliment to the Fishmongers' Company. He spoke with authority on the nutritive value of fish, and he touched in an interesting and suggestive manner upon the subject of extending the supply of fish. At the present time the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association are making vigorous efforts to extend the sale of fish. Several reasons may be advanced to explain what is an undoubted fact—that the public generally do not eat as much fish as the dealers heartily agree they should. It may be suggested that it is because for so long a period the inhabitants of this country tried their best to get over the fish days, which, rightly or wrongly, were regarded as fast days; and that for the same reason the legend of the origin of the barnacle goose persisted so long. There is, let us say, a sort of latent antipathy to fish. The preference is for flesh, not fish, and so far as the greater proportion of the population is concerned, a choice must be made between them. But such an eloquent presentation of the facts with regard to the relative values of fish as that contained in this address will go far to remove what we presume to be a natural if erroneous prejudice.

It is in this respect, therefore, a matter of moment that the supply should always be of such quality, ensured by cleanliness of handling, and where necessary by purity of surroundings, as to render the food when brought to the consumer beyond reproach. Professor Crichton Browne advocates with much reason the periodical inspection of shell-fish beds and the bacteriological examination of the shell-fish. Contamination from such sources as are liable in the case of shell-fish is not usually to be feared with regard to wet fish, that is to say, fish other than shell-fish. But it cannot be denied that the long voyages now indulged in by fishing-boats and the preservation for many days in ice deleteriously affect the fish. It is not suggested that the fish are necessarily dangerous, but they lose in freshness and palatableness, and more than likely also in nutritive value.

We turn with interest then to what Sir J. Crichton Browne has to say with regard to increasing the supply. If the North Sea, for example, or that part of it to which this nation particularly devotes itself, were capable of furnishing the greater part of the fish required, then shorter voyages would be necessary and a better quality of fish could be maintained in the markets. In the first place, it may be taken for granted that there are no new fishing-grounds to be discovered. Fishermen know the North Sea better than many people know their own country. They follow the migrations of the fish and watch the signs which betoken hydrographical changes with great intelligence. But it is very likely that modifications, or other methods of fishing, would result in classes of fish being caught which at present escape, or at all events escape for longer or shorter periods.

That is not, however, what Sir J. Crichton Browne has in mind. He foresees the time when it will be necessary to farm the sea even on a large scale. This is already realised in the case of sedentary creatures like oysters, mussels, cockles and

clams. Experiments are being made to see whether it would pay to rear lobsters under artificial conditions as an aid to natural resources, and also even until they attain a marketable size. But in the case of wet fish science hitherto has been content to experiment in the way of contributing to the already vast resources of the sea. The idea of domesticating sea-fish has not been seriously considered.

Let us look at the problem in this way. Last year there was landed on the East Coast of England alone over 11,000,000cwt. of wet fish, of which nearly 7,000,000cwt. were demersal fish, and some 5,000,000cwt. of these latter would be taken from the North Sea. From the North Sea also Scottish fishermen would remove more than 3,000,000cwt., and if we add to these figures another 4,000,000cwt. as being the catch of the other nations, we arrive at a total of, say, 12,000,000cwt. If this rough total be taken to represent twenty per cent. of the population, the total quantity of this class of fish in the North Sea amounts to, say, 3,000,000 tons. That is a very moderate estimate of what the North Sea may be presumed to contain in marketable demersal fish alone. Now would it be worth while, would it pay, to set up any kind of enclosure with the view to artificially rearing and feeding a fractional approach to what Nature furnishes on such a magnificent scale in the best fishing area of the world?

Even if the effort which might be proposed to be made were restricted to hatching and rearing fish for the purpose of adding in some degree to the natural resources, we are met at once by the consideration that Nature herself provides with an overflowing hand, beside which any attempt we could make would sink into insignificance, and, furthermore, that the North Sea cannot be parcelled out into areas, and the fish do not respect any boundaries, political or otherwise.

It is certainly not worth while with regard to the common fishes like the gadoids. It is scarcely worth while with regard to plaice, and it is questionable whether even in the case of the rarer turbot and sole it could be made to pay; but before deciding finally with regard to the latter it would be necessary to determine to what extent hatching methods would be successful, and if rearing could be accomplished with a fair proportion of survival, and to find out if confinement would be detrimental from the point of view of growth and of the marketable qualities of the fish.

The problem, therefore, is not a simple one. On the one hand, artificial rearing holds forth the attraction of saving an immense number of the young which in natural conditions would be destroyed, and of adding these carefully at some convenient stage of growth to the sea in areas which it is desired to enrich. There is the further attraction that, with experience and the necessary room and equipment, the fish could be reared until they are ready for the market. On the other hand, there is the North Sea, with its area of one hundred and fifty-two thousand square miles, wherein every year an immense crowd of the young of the various species are hatched. Here, however, there is a necessary if wholesale elimination which takes place with great intensity in the early stages, and gradually diminishes thereafter. There is a strong tendency under natural

conditions to provide a greater population than the area is capable of supporting.

This brings us to the still unsettled problem of the North Sea. Has such an area as the North Sea suffered from the heavy tax on the resources levied by fishermen, or is it still maintaining as heavy a population of fish as ever? A further question may be asked. If there are still as many fish in the area as heretofore, are these of the same value economically, or have we now to be content with fish of less value? It is not intended here to anticipate the answers which have yet to be given to these questions. But it is evident that, apart from the influences of natural enemies, many of which are brought under our notice, man's influence is a factor which is doubtless of consequence. It has been measured to some extent with regard to certain of our local fisheries, and in the case of the important fisheries of the North Sea, we are not without evidence tending to prove that the stock of immature and mature fish may be diminished, and that, therefore, the proportion at least of valuable fish may suffer regression, and that the normal distribution of fish may be disturbed. With regard to the local fisheries just mentioned, it has

already been demonstrated that protection, if guided by knowledge and common-sense, is capable of increasing the yield. And it may be argued with much reason that if legislation, which, to be adequate, must be international in its scope, is adopted to prevent wasteful fishing, it will likewise result in an increase of the supply.

The following conclusions appear to emerge from these considerations. Whatever may be done in the way of artificially hatching and rearing sea-fish is a matter for individual or local enterprise. On whatever scale it could be carried out, we should still have to depend upon the sea to supply the markets with the quantity of fish required.

At present, then, the question which appears to be the more material is to keep a watchful eye on the changes occurring in the North Sea and the other seas around our coasts, to continue our researches into the many problems still unsolved with regard to the fish and their environment, so that when the time comes we shall know exactly what to do to increase the productiveness of the areas which in the past have provided, and are still providing, such a large measure of our food supply.

A. MEEK.

IN THE GARDEN.

BULBS FOR GRASS AND WOODLAND.

IN the early days of spring, when we have tired of looking upon broad expanses of seared greensward and beds of naked shrubs, we welcome with more than usual warmth those bright little heralds of spring, the so-called Winter Aconites, each of which has its golden, Buttercup-like flower set in a frilled collar of greenery that always reminds us of the ruffs of the Elizabethan period. Following closely on these Aconites, and sometimes keeping them company, come the Snowdrops, and from then onwards until the Wood Hyacinths have finished their display, and the virgin beauty of the Beech foliage has departed, the woodland and shrubberies may be kept bright and interesting with bulbous plants alone.

As planting-time is or will be shortly with us, attention is drawn to the lesser-known bulbs best suited for growing in grass, under the shade of large trees, for shrubberies and large beds of deciduous shrubs such as the Lilacs. The system of naturalising bulbs in such positions as those mentioned above has been widely adopted since Kew gave the lead some years ago, and where planting has been done with proper regard to effect and suitability or otherwise of the position selected for the various kinds, the result has invariably proved satisfactory. A word of warning is necessary to those who would plant bulbs in grass. This must not be cut until the foliage of the bulbs takes on a rusty or yellow appearance.

The Winter Aconite has already been mentioned, and where a sheet of yellow is desired in the month of January, this should be planted in quantity at once. It will thrive in grass, or in cultivated spots in the shrubbery, and, once established, seeds and perpetuates itself freely. Snowdrops are rather more difficult to accommodate, and if grown in grass, where they look exceedingly pretty, and where their flowers do not get soiled so easily, it may be, and often is, necessary to plant a few fresh bulbs each year, otherwise, and particularly on sandy soils, they will most likely die out in the course of a few years. Cool, loamy soil in the shrubbery or large beds is an ideal spot for them. If the soil is of a sandy character, plant the bulbs at least six inches deep. For naturalising, the common Snowdrop, *Galanthus nivalis*, is best; but a larger-flowered variety that may be used for more favourable positions is *G. Elwesii*. A charming effect can be obtained by planting Snowdrops and the beautiful little blue Squills, *Scilla sibirica* and *S. bifolia*, together.

Mention of the Squills reminds one of that charming little denizen of the Alps so aptly named Glory of the Snow, but known to botanists as *Chionodoxa lucilæ*. This is brilliant blue, each flower having a white centre. It is suitable either for planting in grass or the shrubbery, and many use it as an effective carpet for beds of shrubs. A somewhat more rare and even richer-coloured kind is *C. sardensis*, its blossoms having that intense blue colour that we find in the Gentians. At present it is rather expensive for naturalising, but it might well be utilised in moderate quantities for large beds. For the same purpose the large-flowered *C. gigantea*, or *grandiflora* as it is sometimes called, is most effective. The flowers of this are twice the size of those of the well-known Glory of the Snow, pale lavender blue in colour and the habit of the plant more robust.

From the *Chionodoxas* it is but a short step to the Anemones or Windflowers, among which we find several eminently suited for our purpose. One of the most beautiful of

these is the Mountain Windflower, *A. apennina*, a dainty little plant some six inches high that transforms the place wherein it dwells into a dense, waving mass of starlike, sky blue blossoms. Similar in form, and rather deeper in colour, is the Grecian Windflower, *A. blanda*. It flowers several weeks in advance of *A. apennina*. Of our native Wood Anemone, *A. nemorosa*, there are several excellent forms, the most charming of all being *robinsoniana*. This has large single flowers of pale lavender colour and should be planted in large drifts. *Alleni* and *Blue Bonnet*, both having blue flowers, and *bracteata flore pleno*, or *Jack-in-the-Green* as it is often called, a double white variety, may all be planted freely. These Windflowers delight in a shady position, and thrive well under large trees, especially where the soil receives some slight cultural attention.

The ordinary florist's Crocuses in yellow, white and varying shades of blue are frequently used for planting in grass, but there are two lesser-known kinds with more refined flowers. One that opens its flowers early is *C. susianus*, or *Cloth of Gold* as it is known to some. When the flower-buds appear, and before they open, their colour is a rich glossy brown, but when the petals fall back and reveal the golden interior the plants do, indeed, form a carpet of gold. This *Crocus* may be planted freely in grass or in the shrubbery. Flowering at nearly the same time, but in some localities rather later, we have in *Tommassinianus* a *Crocus* of more than ordinary beauty and a plant for naturalising in the grass. The flowers are clear lavender blue, with a silvery sheen on the exterior, the beautiful orange stigma in the centre adding not a little to its charm.

For planting among hardy Ferns where these are grown under tall trees, the dainty little hardy Cyclamen, which blossom in spring, are available, and their small but curiously-shaped flowers form a pleasing contrast to the russety brown foliage of the Ferns, which all good gardeners allow to remain until new fronds are seen in spring. Two that may be planted freely are *C. Coum* and *C. ibericum*. There is little difference in the flowers, but the foliage varies, the former having plain green leaves and the latter a silver zone to each leaf. Of *ibericum* there are varying shades of colour, ranging from a white flower with a crimson eye to blossoms of rich crimson. The Ivy-leaved Cyclamen, though it flowers in autumn before the foliage appears, is of interest in the spring, as its tufts of leaves are marbled with charming silvery tracings. The roots of these Cyclamen should be planted about two inches deep, and a fair proportion of leaf soil ought to be present in the ground in which they are planted.

An article on bulbs for the woodland would not be complete without mention of the *Muscari* or Grape Hyacinths, the prettiest of all being *Heavenly Blue*. At Daffodil-time this will transform banks or shrubbery into a veritable cloud of sky blue. Plant freely and in large colonies, as a bold effect is desirable. Other good *Muscari* are *comosum* and *plumosum*. A charming little flower that one seldom meets is *Puschkinia libanotica*, or the Lebanon Squill. It grows about six inches high and forms clusters of dainty flowers, which are, perhaps, scarcely bright enough for bold effects, but which are nevertheless beautiful in the front part of the shrubbery, where they can be seen at close range. The blossoms are semi-transparent and white, each segment being striped with blue, resembling a piece of old china. *Allium Moly* and *neapolitanum*, with yellow and white flowers respectively, and the Snake's-head *Fritillaria* (*Fritillaria meleagris*), a native plant suitable for a damp,

grassy situation, must complete our list for the present, though many more might be added. Daffodils have been purposely omitted, as their merits and requirements are now well known. In planting bulbs for natural or bold effects anything

approaching formality of arrangement must be strictly avoided. In grass a large colony of one kind should be planted, and a few odd plants may well lead us on, as it were, to another cluster of good dimensions. F. W. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

STORIES of country life have for the moment fallen a little out of favour with the English public. Perhaps they have been overdone. There are certain tricks in this kind of writing that can be very easily acquired, and made to resemble the best work of our rural writers so closely that it is difficult to see the difference between the real article and the counterfeit. That old man who introduces so many stories with an exclamation in broad patois has appeared in so many different guises that it is no wonder that the reading public is growing tired of him. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, or George Meredith might infuse new life into him, but the task would probably be too great for the writers of the second rank. Mrs. Mary E. Mann embarked, therefore, on a difficult enterprise when she forsook her usual rôle in order to write an idyl of the country. She calls it *Astray in Arcady* (Methuen), and the title is no misnomer. Under no circumstances is it possible for Mrs. Mann to be dull. Her wit, cleverness and insight into life would redeem almost any situation from boredom. But she comes perilously near it in this story. Of course, it is redolent of the time in which we live. The chief personage and narrator of the story, Mrs. Poole, takes a cottage in Suffolk, and the idea of the book is to present her impressions of rural life. A very clever plot, that begins so gently that one is apt to think there is no plot at all, deepens the interest very much towards the end of the book, though at the beginning it must be admitted that the perseverance of the reader is put to a tolerably high test. Mrs. Mann's verdict upon English country life is wholly unfavourable and, we think, unjust and rather superficial. Deliberately she has planned to bring into her scheme representatives of each individual class in the rural district. There is in her service a gardener, helped by an assistant, both of whom are lazy and dishonest to a degree, the elder of the two amusingly so. The mother of the assistant-gardener is a virago of the worst type, a most unpleasing woman, and yet in our opinion the best drawn character of the novel. Her loyalty to her son is true to the life, and so is her readiness to swear to his innocence either before a court of law or to her neighbours. Moreover, her attitude to her benefactors is what may be observed any time. No one should expect gratitude from the poor. The thanks of those who carry gifts is a surly permission to set them down. This woman reminds us of the remark made by a very well-known lady, who, talking of the attitude of the poor towards those who helped them, said it was summed up in their favourite phrase, "Well, they can well afford it." But Mrs. Mann is not so successful in dealing with the upper grade of rural society. Her description of the Hobbles family—the Hobbles being the aristocrats of the village—borders closely on caricature. We do not say that such specimens have not been known to exist, but they are very rare. Usually at the Hall there are the intelligence, knowledge and moderation born of that frequent intercourse with city life which is a feature of our day. Still more outrageously caricatured is Major Barkaway. As painted, he is not a recognisable member of society. The Major would find some other amusement than that of keeping a pig; and it is inconceivable that anyone holding his position in society should mispronounce his words and, generally speaking, behave like an ignorant upstart. In a way he may be compared with Major Pendennis; but the latter, it may be remembered, with all his meanness and finesse, remained a gentleman. When the Major apologises for being a bachelor, and therefore unable to entertain those who have entertained him, and instead divides his pig's-fry among them, Mrs. Mann is mixing two entirely different classes. That a man holding the second highest position in the village should give his lady guests a little bag of pig's-fry to take home with them is too ridiculous and incredible. In him Mrs. Mann has overshot her mark. Mrs. Mann is not very accurate in her country jottings. Her impressionist pictures of the beauties of spring are mostly good, but occasionally her metaphors possess more sound than substance. For example, she says, "The scent of the golden gorse blossoms was as that of a burnt sacrifice." Well, it may sound very matter-of-fact to say so, but, as a burnt sacrifice is usually associated with some animal like a goat or a heifer, it does not appear at the first blush as though its scent could have been particularly fine. Again, there is what is probably a conventional outcry against the cruelty of trapping wild things in the country. But the inaccuracy of

the statement makes us wonder to what extent it was imagined. After describing how cry after cry of pain and the "frenzied scratching of the soil" broke in on her mind just as she was thanking the Creator for all good things, she goes on to say that the noise came from a hare caught in a steel trap. Now steel traps are not usually set for hares, although it is possible that one may have been so caught; but she goes on to say the poor beast "had dragged himself into his form," and "I thanked God I could not see his glazing piteous eyes." Those who know anything about the habits of the hare will read this with astonishment. After that we cannot help feeling some doubt when she describes a couple of freshly-slaughtered squirrels as hanging beside the skeleton forms of stoat, rat and weasel in the Golgotha of the keeper. We do not believe many keepers would shoot a squirrel, and fewer still would care to hang it up among their vermin. But the main thing in the book is the charge of snobbery which is levelled against the squire, the parson and such other chief personages as there are in parish society. But supposing that the facts were as they are narrated by Mrs. Poole, would the charge be substantiated? The lady, be it known, is a popular writer who has evidently gone down into East Anglia with the idea that her glory would accompany her. She is surprised, and in a sense delighted, to be taken as an ordinary visitor, round whose head there is no halo at all. In fact, writing for a livelihood is looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion in this particular part of Arcady, which, of course, is set down to the oppressive darkness in which they live. But assume, for the sake of argument, that the Hall was inhabited by very enlightened people, is there any particular reason why they should rush with open arms to welcome a popular writer? To suppose so is to imply that there is no substantial truth in the allegations frequently made that during the last quarter of a century or so literature has been debased to the position of a mere trade. Its exponents resort to all the artifices which previously have been associated with the cheap-jack and the quack. Ingenuity is worn out in the attempt to find new methods of advertising, puffery has touched its zenith, and the methods of increasing fame have been cultivated with all the care usually bestowed on a fine art. Is it not rather innocent, then, to expect that even in the country a writer of fiction will be hailed with bated breath as something entirely out of the common? The case would have been very different if the writer of some great and unrecognised work had undergone the same experience. Even then there seems a great deal of vanity in the expectation that fame will follow one even in the country. If the lady went down to Suffolk for the good of her health, her wisest policy would have been to attend to her own enjoyment and let her neighbours take theirs in their own way. Mrs. Mann's skill is unable to remove a certain self-consciousness and vanity from the mind of her heroine. Of course, the *denouement* is very carefully prepared; all the snobbery and superciliousness in the earlier part of the book is a mere filling of the cup. The climax is reached when a lady from London arrives and reveals to the clodhoppers the angel that they have been entertaining unawares. As we have already hinted, however, Mrs. Mann's cleverness makes this a very readable book, even although she has not been able to avoid much that is open to criticism.

A PAGAN WOMAN.

A Corn of Wheat, by E. H. Young. (Heinemann.)

THE word "Pagan" is often used, and generally misapplied. It is the right word here. The heroine of this novel was a Pagan. Paganism, as a matter of fact, cannot exist nowadays. There is no such thing. Modern Paganism must necessarily involve consciousness and rejection, and that is a contradiction. It is just what Paganism never involved. Paganism is an exactly opposite condition. But Judith was conscious of nothing that the moderns are conscious of. She could not, therefore, reject it, except in absolute blindness. Complete un-self-consciousness and unquestioning acceptance of her own instincts, these were Judith's, and she was in consequence actually a Pagan. It is not generally, whatever the adherents of the school may think, a very lovely or interesting thing to meet. It necessarily involves stupidity. The author has achieved his success in the delineation of Judith because of his insight into the type he depicts. Judith was certainly stupid. Passion comes her way, and she accepts it at once. Passion over, she is astounded and revolted by the representation that its passage binds her to a man she no longer cares about. She repudiates his intention with dismay. She goes away, as an animal would do, to hear her child and to keep it jealously all her own. Through all the episodes, all purely emotional and entirely unreasoning, through which she passes, she remains a Pagan, perfectly kind and absolutely selfish. The episode of the horrible little Herbert Wise, of her unhesitating marriage with Mr. Beales, a religious draper, of her flight when he quite naturally indicates that they are man and wife, of her own

astonished experience of "religion"—in all, she preserves intact her puzzled inability to see anyone else's point of view but her own. If in the last chapter, where, once more rid of everybody, she again follows her own desires, the author means to indicate "purification and justification through suffering," etc., he strikes a false note. The success is in the delineation of a Pagan, ignorant and only blameless because she is so. He must not abandon his own contention. Judith is not an attractive study. *A Corn of Wheat* is a good title for her story, for it indicates a one-featured thing, if a primitive and simple. But the book is strong and consistent, able in delineation and full of vigour, and alive with a genuine love of Nature.

UNABSOLVED.

In Extenuation of Sybella, by Ursula à Beckett. (Stanley Paul and Co.) IT may be mentioned at once that Sybella was *not* extenuated. A minx she was, and a minx she remains, through an entire voyage to India and two hundred and eighty-eight pages of large print, which end a great deal better than she deserved. These pages contain her letters, written during the voyage to a friend who perfectly comprehended Sybella; and each letter gives Sybella away more completely than the last. Her frocks, her false fringes, her flirtations, her folly, her feline amenities, her fatuous vanity—if alliteration did not fail me, I could make the list much longer—fill the reader with contempt; or ought to if they don't. Perhaps they don't as much as they ought, for Sybella must certainly have been rather good-looking. But if she had been Venus herself, she would still have been a minx. According to her, all the men on board fall in love with her and all the women are jealous of her; and not till the last letter but three does she receive the check she so thoroughly deserves. One feels inclined to cheer when one discovers that there really was one man who had the sense not to fall in love with Sybella, but he happened to be the tubby millionaire for whom she had jilted Alistair Grey, and it was a dreadful shock to her feelings when he beamingly engaged himself to her gentle little aunt. So Sybella falls back upon Alistair, and it was better luck than she ever came near deserving when he consented to be fallen back upon. For, indeed, nothing could be less extenuated throughout than the minx Sybella, as the feminine friend who prints her letters is very well aware; but it is just because she is such a minx, and so admirably true to type, that she and her voyage and her comments upon it are so well worth reading about and so amusing.

"NEVER THEY TWAIN SHALL MEET."

The Charm, by Alice Perrin. (Methuen.)

THE tragedy that must follow on any attempt to break down that eternal barrier between "white" and "dark" has seldom been better treated than in Mrs. Perrin's new book, and it is the more effective because of the restraint and justice with which it is done. Poor Teresa, the beautiful Eurasian whom Mark marries, half in misery and loneliness at Eve's desertion of him and half in chivalrous pity for Teresa herself, is drawn with tenderness and insight. To her boundless capacity for love, to her gentleness and obedience, to her desperate efforts to fashion herself after the manner of the women of her husband's race, the fullest justice is done; but with equal truth and temperateness is shown the commonness, the mental incapacity, the vulgar laziness and sloth, the utter inability to comprehend, that marks the gulf between the pure and the half breed. Nothing but suffering could ensue from such a marriage; and, given a man of Mark's innate sensitiveness and good feeling, the suffering was bound to be intense. It is heightened by the return on the scene of Eve, the English girl whose mistake as to her feeling for Mark brought the whole catastrophe about; it is ended in the only way such a situation could end—by the suicide of Teresa. Mark's manful efforts to do his duty by the poor woman whose beauty and humble adoration had lured him to social destruction relieve the tragedy of the story. Teresa had at least many blissful years of happy married life before her own attempt to influence Mark by means of a charm showed even her the gulf between them. The charm is a poison, and Mark nearly dies; and that shock, with its incidental revelation of her husband's love for the woman of his own race, is too much for poor Teresa. The life in the Eurasian bungalows is extraordinarily well done, and especial mention must be made of Jinksie, Teresa's child by her first marriage, in whom, to the dismay of his step-father, all the strangest and worst of the native instincts seemed to be rampant.

POWDER AND PATCHES.

Jemmy Abercraw, by Bernard Capes. (Methuen.)

IT would be difficult to say why this novel is not quite convincing, why the sense of its being a costume play, in which people are acting parts in the right frocks, with the right words, never wholly leaves the reader. Perhaps it is because of its very correctness. It is what one would expect of a story of that period; and it is only the unexpected that brings life to a familiar show. For all that, the plot is clever and distinctly original. Jemmy Abercraw is a high-woman who personates the Stuart Prince in order to get possession of a large sum of money which has been deposited with Lord Denville for the Stuart cause. He deludes an old lady and her pretty niece, the idea being that the charming Kitty shall in her turn delude Lord Denville, with whom she is already in love, without knowing that he is, by a queer twist of fortune, already her husband. Jemmy is an engaging ruffian of a familiar type—never losing his charm, and with a better heart than head. His friends, the villains, nearly carry their scheme through, but the plot miscarries at the last, thanks to Lord Denville's impeccability and Kitty's honesty—an honesty which fights with her loyalty till she nearly dies of the conflict between the twain—and the truth comes out in a scene full of excitement and horror in the library at Ringholt, where Lord Denville and Kitty are both tortured to make them betray the hiding-place, and where nothing but the advent of Jemmy in the very nick of time saves both from death. The book would make an excellent play. It has movement, fire, gaiety, a pathetic little heroine, some exceedingly good situations and a definite and unusual plot; and the hero is of a type, quiet, strong and misunderstood, that tells well on a stage. For that very reason, perhaps, it is not so good a book as it might be, for it is a story that one looks on at instead of living with it.

GIVEN AWAY.

The Mummy Moves, by Mary Gaunt. (T. Werner Laurie.)

MISS GAUNT has written quite a good detective and murder story, but she should have chosen another name for it. The first essential of a detective story is that the reader should not know, any more than the detective, who did the murder. He should be obliged to follow, breathlessly, the dire surroundings of horror and terror—thinking first that this man did it and then the other and

then another, till it flashes upon him on the last page that nobody did it at all—at least, nobody who can be called anybody. But if "the mummy moves" on the cover, it is easy to guess that it moved in the tale, and the reader is in the secret too soon, and is called on for none of that exercise of ingenuity which is the *raison d'être* of the success of the detective story. Otherwise this is an exciting tale, full of horrors and thrills, with an African horriple, and a cynical sister, and a delightful charwoman—and what would have been a very good mystery had it not been for the cover!

FURNITURE.

English Furniture and Decoration, 1680—1800. By G. M. Ellwood. (Batsford.)

IT is, perhaps, to be regarded as a tacit compliment to the growth of public taste and knowledge in such matters that compilers of books on furniture and decoration tend to reduce the letterpress of their volumes almost to vanishing point. Mr. Ellwood's introduction to one hundred and eighty-seven pages of admirable illustrations is compressed into six pages, in which he sketches lightly the development of a hundred and twenty years. This silent policy has its merits for the initiate reader, but it is apt to lead to some misapprehension for the less well informed. Three excellent plates show the Adam decoration at Bowood, but to write Adam *tout court* under the picture of the Enticement Hall hardly does justice to the facts. There is little about this part of the house which is at all characteristic of Adam's work, and its chief features, the segmental corner galleries, are fine examples of the splendid resourcefulness of Sir Charles Barry, who altered Bowood in 1834, and by these very galleries helped to make the house habitable. Mr. Ellwood has excluded from illustration Chinese and Gothic Chippendale and work bearing the mark of direct French influence, an eclecticism which leaves the more space for purely English work. The examples which tell the story are well chosen, and are taken from a large range of collections public and private.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Rest Harrow, by Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
An Affair of Dishonour, by William de Morgan. (Heinemann.)
The Lantern Bearers, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen.)
Tales of the Tenements, by Eden Phillpotts. (John Murray.)
The Leading Note, by Rosalind Murray. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
Woman in Italy, by William Boulting. (Methuen.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 32*.]

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A NEW FACTOR IN BEEF PRODUCTION.

FOR many years the weak plank in the platform of the British farmer has been the fact that his market has been, as it were, lopsided. Consumers have enjoyed a monopoly of the world's surplus supplies, while he has been compelled to accept whatever low prices were left for him. The British public has been so cheaply fed for so long a time that that blissful state of things has come to be regarded as permanent. All the world has been Britain's larder, from which food could be obtained at the purchaser's own price, because there was no one else to buy it. There are many men engaged in the meat trade, well known to the writer, who go so far as to say that beef and mutton have become too cheap, and that great waste has been the result. The grave question now arises whether we are not rapidly approaching the end of this state of plenty, even if the world's production continues to increase. What if we are about to lose our "splendid isolation" as practically the only buyers of what foreign countries have to spare! Appearances point strongly in that direction, and news has come to hand within the last month which is indeed ominous. The vast populations of Central Europe are short of meat and the situation is becoming critical. The strength of the agrarian parties in Austria and Germany has hitherto sufficed to compel the Governments to exclude imports of meat; but that was a state of matters which in the nature of things could not last for ever, and in Austria at least the agitation of the masses has at last gained a hearing. Even autocratic Governments cannot long turn a deaf ear when the multitude cry out that they are being starved, and Austria has accordingly just taken the first step towards concessions which have long been demanded. The ruling powers have decided to allow live cattle to enter the country from Servia and Roumania. This means a great deal; but the people have their eye on a more effective means for obtaining cheap meat. They hear of the prices at which the English are supplied with chilled and frozen meat from Argentina and wish to try it for themselves, and they will probably be given the opportunity of doing so. Apparently as a means of saving their faces, the authorities have consented to a consignment being admitted "for testing purposes," as though the prohibitive laws had been framed to safeguard the people's health. The meat to be "tested" has been good enough for England for many years, and will scarcely fail to pass muster in Austria. Once the floodgates are opened to the inflow of foreign meat, it will be impossible to close them again; and when Austria is more cheaply fed the whole of Germany must follow suit. That huge country possesses only a paltry 7,000,000 of sheep, and mutton is only obtainable by the rich, so it is difficult to imagine the possibility of the German Government maintaining its policy of exclusion. But what will such a change mean for us? Surely nothing less than the loss of our monopoly of purchase, for then Argentina and other exporting countries will have two strings to their bow. We shall have seen the last of very cheap meat for a generation at least, and it is quite possible that frozen and chilled beef may be doubled in price. We may be excused for glancing forward to the effect this turning of the tables must have on the prospects of British producers. Their position as breeders and graziers must be enormously strengthened, and Britain will naturally increase her flocks and herds. She may find it to her interest to do so for more reasons than one. Every new country grows grain, and, whatever happens, wheat at a paying price to British growers for long at a time is becoming more and more impossible. The substitution of more stock for corn does not necessarily involve the

laying down of an acre more grass. We need not become a pastoral country in that sense. Arable land, suitably farmed, will carry more stock than pasture, and even dairying can be easily carried on successfully with very little of the latter. Perhaps these remarks may be thought by some to savour too much of anticipation, but the writer is not alone in holding these views; and, after all, it may be well to look forward and try to read the signs of the times. A. T. M.

DRY FARMING.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when great regions in the United States, Australia, South Africa and other countries were labelled in our atlases as "Desert," and the idea conveyed was that not only were such places devoid of animal and vegetable life, but also that they were absolutely sterile and unfit to be made capable of growing crops of any kind and supporting a human population. Investigation and experiment have shown in our days, however, that there are uncounted thousands—perhaps millions—of acres of land of this nature, which only requires plenty of water to make it yield splendid crops. Even the great Desert of Sahara only needs water to make it into good land, as shown by the formation of oases round the wells, and some day a canal will be made on the Atlantic Coast to let in the waters of the sea once more—as geologists tell us was the case in comparatively recent times—to make inland lakes which will damp the atmosphere and stimulate the growth of vegetation all over. The making of canals and irrigation work are very expensive, however, and many investigators have been trying to see how much can be done with the ordinary moisture of the soil combined with a very small rainfall. The success has been so great that it has become a recognised system of farming, especially in some of the Western States of America, and land hitherto looked upon as impossible is bearing good crops. In the book before us ("Dry Farming: Its Principles and Practice," by Professor Macdonald:

Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn), the whole scheme, as it is now in successful operation in the West, is described and explained and the results are shown by numerous photographic illustrations. The whole scheme pretty well depends on the conservation of the moisture already in the soil. Practically speaking, there is water to be found in every piece of ground if we go deep enough, and this water is always working upwards by the action of capillarity, aided by evaporation at the surface. The principles followed, therefore, are to get the roots of a crop to go downwards as far as possible to meet this soil water, and at the same time to prevent surface evaporation as much as possible. These two things are accomplished by deep ploughing and surface tillage. When a digging-plough is used to rip up the soil as deeply as attainable, the roots of any crop are encouraged to penetrate downwards quickly and easily and thus meet the upcoming capillary water. Conjoined with this a system of surface tillage is carried on while the crop is growing, thus forming a mulch of loose soil on the surface, as it were, which retards evaporation and thus retains all the moisture for the use of the plants. The total outcome of the system is that splendid crops of all kinds are now grown over thousands of acres which at one time were reckoned too dry or sterile for the purpose, and the system is extending rapidly. The book is well illustrated with many full-page photographs of the crops so produced, together with views of some of the methods of working. The author was at one time a professor at the University of Minnesota, one of the States where much of this work has been done, and the illustrations are chiefly taken from there. He is now State Agronomist to the Transvaal, so that he writes out of a comprehensive knowledge of the work. The book can be recommended to all who are interested in this kind of farming. During the last few years we in the British Islands have suffered from too much moisture, but occasionally we have a drought, and the methods explained in this volume would help us to counteract the same. P. MCC.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MR. DE MONTMORENCY AND THE JUBILEE VASE.

MR. DE MONTMORENCY covered himself with glory in the Jubilee Vase. Together with Mr. Edward Blackwell he carried the heavy penalty of three strokes, and in spite of it he ran through a very good field and was only once at all closely pressed. This was in the second round by Mr. Cargill, who had a handicap of seven, and was only beaten at the last hole. In the final Mr. J. W. Laidlay had the best of it for some considerable time. He was leading by two holes when he played his tee shot to the short hole in, and that dreadful hole proved his undoing. He was badly bunkered, lost the hole and never seems to have played quite so well afterwards. It must be added, however, that Mr. de Montmorency took advantage of his opportunities in no half-hearted fashion. A three at the Hole o' Cross and another at the fifteenth, to say nothing of a four at the corner of the Dyke and a putt for four at the long hole—these mean terribly good golf, and small blame attaches to Mr. Laidlay if he let the holes slip away from him very quickly, and lost by three up and two to play. The winner appears to go from strength to strength with each succeeding year, and is, beyond doubt, one of the very best amateur golfers of to-day. His style is a wonderfully fascinating one to watch, albeit a dangerous one to copy. That which it is good for everyone to copy is the comparatively short back swing, kept so beautifully under control. That which is dangerous is the very pronounced element of hitting. Mr. de Montmorency's method is certainly the very opposite of the long, sweeping stroke that we were taught to look up to in our golfing childhood, but it has a charm of its own, and its supreme effectiveness is undeniable.

THE HANDICAP AND THE DRAW.

There are two points about this tournament at St. Andrews which are worthy the attention of those who direct tournaments at other clubs. One is, we think, wholly praiseworthy; the other gives rise to a more open question. The good point is the handicapping, which is done practically *de novo* before every tournament. At most clubs a man is, so to speak, handicapped once and for all. He is, of course, pulled

down when he does something out of the ordinary in a competition or when his improvement is notorious, but he is practically never put up. He goes out into the world permanently labelled, as it were, with a certain handicap. In each of these St. Andrews tournaments, on the other hand, a new handicap is made, and all the circumstances are taken into consideration afresh. This involves, presumably, a certain amount of labour, and it would not be practicable in all cases, but it does seem to be the obviously right principle of handicapping, whether it be for a race or a golfing competition. The other point is that in the case of a halved match both players pass into the next round. There is no going to the nineteenth hole, which is essentially an unsatisfactory and fluky proceeding, and particularly so, of course, in a competition under handicap. It is all to the good, therefore, that there should be no giving of a stroke at one extra hole, but the compensating disadvantage is that byes obtrude themselves almost inevitably in the later rounds, and one gentleman can spend a peaceful morning in the shade, while two others exhaust themselves in deciding which of them shall be his victim in the afternoon. On the whole we think that the advantages of the St. Andrews plan are greater than its defects, but it is a difficult question.

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

A good many players always go on from the Irish championship to the South of Ireland championship meeting at Lahinch, but this year the entry was hardly as good as usual, perhaps because it is a very long journey from County Antrim to County Clare. Mr. Munn did not go, and the hopes of Ireland rested on Mr. Jameson, the "close" champion. He did very well, for he only succumbed to Mr. Girdlestone at the very last hole, and Mr. Girdlestone beat so formidable a player as Mr. Sidney Fry in the final by four up and two to play. It is always pleasant to see someone win who has not a very great deal of time for golf. Mr. Girdlestone after he went down from Oxford played for a year or so at Wimbledon, but has lately disappeared, if we may say so without disrespect, to Oswestry, where he now plays. He is a thoroughly good player, with plenty of power



MR. A. J. EVANS.

and length, and is always likely to make his mark, if he has time to play. Mr. Girdlestone is a doctor (we are probably depriving him of his proper prefix), and his victory reminds us of the fact that the doctors could put a wonderfully strong team into the field. Of all the various professions, the Bar and the Stock Exchange are apt to deem themselves cocks of the golfing walk; but the doctors, if they could all cast their patients to the winds and take a holiday together, would be very bad to beat. Besides Mr. Girdlestone there are Mr. Gillies, who, in spite of hard work, is playing perceptibly better golf than ever he did, Mr. Leathart and Mr. Hoffmann. Scotland, again, could doubtless furnish some formidable allies, including Dr. Scroggie, a really beautiful player, who always seems to be winning the *Evening Telegraph* Cup, a kind of minor amateur championship for Scotland.

THE PROFESSIONALS.

The professionals have, like the amateurs, reawakened from their August torpor during the last week or so. To us in the South perhaps the most interesting of the various competitions was that at Troon, when the Northern Section of the Professional Golfers' Association fought for the two places that are apportioned to them in the *News of the World* tournament. It was interesting because we do not often see some of the Scotsmen in the neighbourhood of London, and so we like to know which of them we shall watch at Sunningdale. It is a sad pity that there is only room for two of them, because there are several more we should dearly love to see. Andrew Kirkcaldy, for instance, should be there if only to express his views on a particularly tenacious bunch of Sunningdale heather should he chance to get into it. We shall miss Ben Sayers, too, and we should like to see both young Tom Fernie and his illustrious father. However, there are two very good players coming—Johnnie Hunter of Prestwick, who all too seldom does justice to the great reputation that he bears on his home green, and Robert Thomson of North Berwick, who is quite one of the finest putters in existence. Jumping from Troon to Eastbourne, the Sussex professionals have been holding their tournament, and it was won by Macey, a young assistant from Crowborough, a fine player, whom we shall have an opportunity of seeing in the assistants' tournament. He beat Rowe by five and four, and that is great work. With Watt, Ritchie, Macey and others there should be some wonderfully good golf played before that tournament (thank goodness it is not called a championship!) is finished.

SUNNINGDALE.

To all who make a practice of watching golf matches the fact that September is fast flying and October drawing near is never unbearably bitter. October brings with it the *News of the World* tournament, and that provides some of the very best watching we know. Twice before it has been played at Sunningdale, and on both occasions Braid has won, but this year, alas! there will be no Braid, which is a truly deplorable state of things. There is a measure of compensation in the thought that the Sunningdale course will probably be better than it has ever been. That detestable old eighth hole—a blind shot on to an enormous prairie—has been reformed out of all recognition. The new hole, wherein we come at the green from an altogether different angle, is as good a short hole as need be. We can see where we are going, and we have to go down a commendably strait and narrow way. Moreover, the hole possesses that indefinable quality of making us feel as if we are going to slice, and a slice is fraught with most unpleasant consequences. The fourth hole, again, is infinitely better than it used to be, though there is a hidden trap of a bunker in the green which sometimes rouses the stranger's wrath. There are the improvements to the thirteenth and seventeenth also, but those are now, of course, rather ancient history. Altogether Sunningdale is really splendid golf nowadays.

MR. A. J. EVANS.

Mr. Evans is undoubtedly one of the most promising golfers who have played for either University for some time past. He has not quite yet the steadiness or the variety of shots possessed by Mr. Hooman, but he is a fine player, and should in course of time be a good deal better still. He is a really lovely hitter with his wooden clubs, sending the ball a tremendous distance, especially against the wind, in a very simple and easy style. With his irons he is good without yet being very good, and he is a sound holer-out. He has been, and is likely to remain, a thorn in the side of Cambridge. Mr. Evans has also earned great renown as a cricketer. He has a very distinguished father to live up to in Mr. A. H. Evans, and is doing it very well. Having been in the Winchester Eleven, he got his "blue" in his first year at Oxford, and, as will be remembered, played a beautiful innings at Lord's last year. This year he was less successful as a batsman, but finished off that second disastrous innings of Cambridge with a most opportune piece of bowling just when some faint resistance was being made to the all-conquering Mr. Le Couteur. As he has also played racquets for his University, Mr. Evans has done wonderfully well in the way of "blues" in the course of his two years at Oxford. At golf, at any rate, if he can give time to it, he should go further some day and play for England.

WESTWARD HO! AND THE CRITICS.

THE alterations in the course of the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! which have been carried out during the past two and a-half years, have now been in existence long enough for golfers to have made up their minds whether they satisfy them or not. For the most part the criticisms have been very favourable and, in many cases, even enthusiastic; but there are some of the older members who cannot appreciate the fact that the rubber-cored ball had entirely ruined the course as it was three years ago, and that it had become imperatively necessary to make drastic alterations to attain the best of what is undoubtedly the finest bit of golfing ground in the United Kingdom.

A few weeks ago the autumn meeting of the club was held, and the Kashmir Cup was played for, and won by Mr. Harold H. Hilton, who is now playing as well as he ever did in his life. His two rounds of 76 and 78 represented very fine golf, as the tees were back to their full stretch, and there is no course where wild play by long drivers receives more severe punishment, so that it is quite certain that his long game must have been wonderfully steady. Mr. Croome, who was second with 80 and 76, had a

bad period in his morning round, which cost him the cup. He threw away a stroke at the eleventh, twelfth, fifteenth and seventeenth holes, and two each at the thirteenth and fourteenth. No other player got within six strokes of the winner.

The main alterations in the course so far have been piping the ditch in front of the first green; making a new green for the second hole about one hundred and thirty yards beyond the old one; making the old third green into a short hole; taking away rush hazards at the fourth, sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth and eleventh holes and replacing them with sand bunkers; making a new green for the twelfth hole about one hundred and forty yards beyond the old green; making a new thirteenth hole with a plateau green; making a new short hole where the old thirteenth green was; making a new short hole for the sixteenth where the fifth hole was in 1880; lengthening the seventeenth hole and making a bunker where the old ditch used to be.

Of these alterations all have given great satisfaction except the third hole. This hole is about one hundred and forty yards long, and is one of the best anywhere for testing golfers in iron play; but it is flat, and many members and visitors have suggested that it would be better to have another hole in the more hilly ground further on in the course. The committee are now considering whether they will not play to the present third hole from a tee in front of the first green, and make a new short hole in the hills near the high tee to the sixth hole. This would make a very fine hole and would do away with the walk from the present fifth green to the sixth tee. A new tee nearer the Pebble Ridge would be made, which would greatly improve the tee shot to the sixth hole, and make the approach to that hole much more interesting. The only drawback is a sentimental one and not very serious, viz., that the fifth hole will lose its number and become the fourth, and, of course, the carry of the bunker to the fifth hole at Westward Ho! has become a household word. Alas! the rubber ball has robbed it of most of its terrors, but even now with a head wind it is a stiff proposition.

If the general criticisms on the alterations have been most favourable, a golfer writing under a *nom de plume* to *The Times* has made some wonderful statements which need correction. Having paid a just tribute to the unrivalled putting greens and fairway, this old golfer proceeds to state that the naturalness of the course has given way to artificiality, and that the bunkers are no longer to be avoided but must be carried. To carry out this argument he quotes the eleventh and tenth greens, and states that the row of bunkers have been cut in front of the eleventh green. This is true; but he does not state, as he ought, that they have taken the place of a bed of rushes, and anyone who knows a Westward Ho! rush would welcome a sand hazard instead of them. Then the trap bunker has been in front of the tenth green ever since it has been played, certainly for more than twenty years, so evidently this old golfer either has a very bad memory or has not been at Westward Ho! since the tenth hole was first made.

He then goes on to say that the only shots at Westward Ho! are the long drive and the high pitch. This is, of course, a most inadequate description of the course; but if it was ever true, it was far more true before the alterations than it is now. As a matter of fact, a way has been opened to the first green, the way is open to the second, third and fourth. Then come the fifth and sixth, unaltered so far as hazards in front are concerned. At the seventh there is an open way to the green, also at the eighth and ninth. Then come the tenth and eleventh unaltered. The new twelfth has an open entrance, so has the thirteenth. The fourteenth is a short hole and a very easy four for the short driver. The fifteenth has its open way for the short player. The sixteenth is a short hole. The approach to the seventeenth has no guarding bunker, and the eighteenth has its "burn" as of old. The course is absolutely full of hazards, which have to be avoided, and it is a libel to say that sheer brute force and high pitching are the only requisites. The golfer who would win at Westward Ho! must be armed at all points and must be straight before all else. But the main point I would emphasise here is that, whatever the course may have been three years ago, it is now far more open for the short player and has far more hazards for the long player to avoid.

As a general principle it is, no doubt, sound to say that the best bunkers are those which have to be avoided, and many instances can be given of such hazards that make holes interesting which without them would be commonplace; but when one deals with a classic course like Westward Ho! it would be a big order to recast holes which have been played for a generation. Where new holes were made the avoiding bunkers are in great prominence, as, for example, the second, third, twelfth, thirteenth and sixteenth holes.

W. H. FOWLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARCHITECTURAL COPYRIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—So far as I understand the Copyright Bill, we are much where we were before, except for the important fact that architecture is officially admitted to rank with the other arts in this matter. In spite of Mr. Voysey's generous remarks on this subject, I feel it is something to have architecture recognised as an art at all in this country. When one turns to the provisions of the Act, however, it appears that the architect has no power over his own copyright, or any remedy. The man who has the veto is the real man, and the man who has the veto is not the architect, but the man who employed him—Copyright Bill, page 4 (a). As to the remedy, by Clause 7 (1), page 5, the owner of the copyright in the case of architecture is expressly precluded from obtaining any injunction, interdict or order, and apparently by Clause (2), which is barely intelligible, from any remedy whatever. It does not appear why architecture should be singled out for this disability, and why what is given with one hand should be taken back with the other. On the strict reading of the Bill, the architect is prevented from using his main conception more than once. He may, apparently, use a detail again, but not his general design, and he is actually to be compelled by law to turn his back on his own ideas, unless he can get the consent of his last employer. His technical position is worse than it was before, and he has no remedy except that of trebling or quadrupling his fees, which for many reasons not here to be discussed he cannot possibly do. What with arbitrary limitations of this sort and the piling up on the architect of every conceivable responsibility, the pursuit of architecture will very soon be an impossibility in this country. The framers of this Bill do not appear to realise the actual processes of architectural design. Page 2 (3) would enact that "copyright in an architectural work of art shall not be infringed by making paintings, drawings, engravings and photographs thereof." There is nothing here to prevent a piratical designer from making a set of working drawings of another man's building and reproducing items elsewhere; nor does the Bill make any attempt to deal with such cases of practical robbery as those in which an architect has made a design for a single building at the ordinary charge of five per cent., and the employer has used again and again the design in these plans without any further payment to the architect or any recognition of his authorship of the design. The legal mind is apt to ignore the fact that an architect is a citizen like anybody else, with elementary rights of protection, and is thus convinced that Pecksniff is a true portrait of the modern architect. One more word. Page 20 says "architectural work means any building or structure having an artistic character or design in respect of such character or design, but not in respect of the processes or methods of its construction." The cloven hoof of "building plus ornament = architecture" shows naked and unshamed. Construction and design are baldly and boldly separated, and the framers of these clauses evidently believe in the possibilities of "investing with artistic merit." As to the practical value of the definition, one is reminded of Moliere's (was it Moliere's?) opinion—"endormit parqu'il a un vertu soporifique." Your correspondent "G. C." suggests that a "tribunal of experts in architecture should be set up to settle what is and is not artistic architecture"; but surely this is a dangerous suggestion. In countries and in periods where a definite tradition and standard of architecture exists such a tribunal might be possible and desirable. Unfortunately, we have yet to form our tradition and standard of architecture.—REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

AN ARMADA CANNON BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am as weak as a rat from a long attack of "flu." Excuse my notes. Photographs of two Armada cannon accompany this. I brought out a pamphlet called "Armada Cannon," etc. From two I have here, all the guns at Bideford were identified by the Whitehall officials. I append photographs of two iron cannon, also from a Spanish Armada wreck in the Sound of Mull. (Several came to grief in this region.) The shot as she sank went to the muzzle of the gun in both cases. One has a large fleur-de-lys on it. These are iron, much corroded. For over thirty years they were covered by mud in a shed at Greenock. The armourer of the man-o'-war there identified them as far older than any



STILL READY!

Queen Anne cannon, and I have ample proof that they were from another Armada wreck in the Sound of Mull. At Inveraray, in the Muniment Room, we have full particulars of the expenses of transporting the Armada gun to Inveraray via Leith. It was brought here in the days of the famous Duke John (Jeannie Dean's Duke). Benvenuto Cellini worked for Francis I. at Fontainebleau, where he cast many cannon. The cognisance of the King can be seen, a salamander, also the typical "Fs" and fleur-de-lys of King Francis I. Now for the hand chasing. A famous chaser said every line on the gun was Cellini's own. It is a cast piece of ordnance, of course, but all "hand-chased" later.

You can see the beautiful sharpness, just as you can see the same in the most famous French bureaux that fetch fortunes nowadays. Such is an outline of a famous gun. Its voice has, happily, been prevented being heard for many years past, but it voiced the victory of the Alma, 1854, and another event. Locally it is known as the glee gun, that is interpreted "gled," for hawk or falcon. To call it a "falconette" is an absurd misnomer. These were small guns for the bulwarks, etc., depressing on an enemy's boats. How came Cellini's gun to be on board the treasure ship of the Spaniards? The answer is simple. It was a galleon contributed by the Tuscans, and the cannon must have been



THE CANNON SHOWING CELLINI'S WORK.

captured at the battle of Pavia, an Italian victory. It was the Tuscan contribution to the great Armada. The vessel was blown up in Tobermory Bay. The modern quays have somewhat altered the look of the Bay. The vessel, however, was by no means far from land. That the site has been located none can doubt, for the diver came on the plate of the Admiral Pereira. His arms have been identified, setting all doubts at rest. The small breech-loading cannons for the bulwarks, also lately found, were of the finest made, with the charge yet in. The other objects were not so well preserved. Nothing lasts as does bronze, but the sea-worm will attack this also. The guns in the galleon became covered with sand and clay, hence their fine preservation. I now give the story of the reading of Cellini's name, and will only add the name of the vessel and commander. The Admiral of Florence, Pereira, commander. Many discoveries have a simple origin. In examining the cannon from the wreck in Tobermory Bay I stepped on one side, and at once read a sign that had puzzled everyone who looked at the cannon, and on a strange mark standing above a "B." In the lower limb of this "B" is the touch-hole. The "B" must be the initial of someone, or a direct mark of the foundry. It stands simply for Benvenuto. The mark above that, shown in the photograph, is the colophon of Cellini, the first and last letters, "C" and "I."—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

A FAMILY OF TAME WAGTAILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be so glad if any of your readers could tell me from their experience whether there is anything abnormal in the tameness of a family of wagtails who have been favouring me with their confidence and friendship now for about three months. I am no ornithologist, and am not sure from what I remember hearing from relations who were whether it would be the pied wagtail. Any way, it is the one that has a nice little black bib with a white hem round it. I must mention that, even in this summer, I spent most of my day and have all my meals in the porch or the garden, the former being of the portico nature, with my seat between the pillar and the house, so that from the nest of the said wagtails, which was in the ivy about a yard from where my head would be, I was clearly visible; but I noticed that when the parents came close to the step for crumbs, which they did most confidently every day and all day, they used to carry them in their beaks for a bit and then fly away quite casually and not direct to the nest, evidently to throw one off the scent. Early in July I went away for about a week, and on returning, to my great disappointment, found that the fledging and flying had all come to pass in my absence, and there was an empty nest and for about a week at least no wagtails running up to me with their fascinating gait. Suddenly, to my joy, Mr. and Mrs. both returned, but more often Mrs. alone, and then came the time when she daily brought her family of three or four (and, I think, one day five, all at once) perfectly able to fly, and, one would have supposed, to peck and feed themselves; this, however, for two or three weeks they absolutely declined to do, and their mother's whole time was taken up in popping morsels down their throats about a yard or two from where I was sitting, while it or they (she often brought only one at a time, which was wise) never ceased uttering an impatient little creaking noise, gaping as she approached to swallow the crumb, if she had made it small enough. Long after they had discovered they could pick up for themselves (when the mother was not looking!) they would still make her wait on them; and if a large crumb fell she always had to pick it up and put it in again. Just this minute while I write, after the five children had been silently picking up for a long time, suddenly I hear the creaking, and see that mamma has run in and is doing what she conceives her maternal duty, and the favoured one stands stupidly and discontinues feeding himself.—T. T. FREERE, Netley Marsh, Northampton.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the course of the season I have visited many seaport towns and attended many regattas, both at home and abroad, and have been struck by the avoidance by many expert and aristocratic yachtsmen of the orthodox (?) garb of the sea. Yesterday, when at a social gathering of yachting and other notabilities I remarked upon the presence of a very important yacht-owner at the function dressed very simply in an unobtrusive dark grey suit and covered as to the head by a simple straw hat, I was told that the attitude of this gentleman (himself a flag-officer in another district) was a tacit reproof of the "bogus" yachtsman, who, owning, perhaps, a dinghy or no boat at all, appears

in and out of season in white ducks, be-flagged and with white cap-cover (an unnecessary plagiarism, by the by, of the Royal Navy) and the inevitable red tie and miniature burgee set therein and "owner's buttons." In view of the vulgarity of affecting what one is *not*, would it not be advisable for clubs of good repute to discourage the wearing of nautical attire, in which some men look like the real gentlemen they *are* and others (the majority) like ships' cooks, save and except in the exercise of yachting functions ashore or afloat and on the deck of the yacht of which the member is the owner or on board of which he is a guest?—A SOLDIER AT SEA.

YOUNG TAWNY OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of the two young tawny owls was taken in a wood in Northamptonshire early in May. The nest was in the top of the hollow ivy-clad stump to be seen in the background of the photograph,



IN EARLY MAY.

and looked extremely damp and uncomfortable. One of the parent birds first called my attention to it by sitting on a neighbouring tree and snapping its beak at me. The two young birds were nearly fledged, and both fluttered to the ground when I took them out of their hollow. While bending down to pick one of them up from the ground the mother bird swooped and struck me on the back of the head, but, evidently finding that I was rather too big, neither of the parent birds attempted to attack me again, contenting themselves with flying close over my head and uttering queer calls. The young birds kept wonderfully still while I was making the exposures and seemed to be quite interested in the camera, turning their heads completely round and blinking their eyes alternately. All owls lay at least four eggs every year, and generally hatch them out in couples. The pair of young birds I found were probably the second lot hatched this year, as owls are early layers. Besides, the well-known hooting tawny owls make a kind of snoring noise when disturbed, as well as a rather plaintive call somewhat resembling that made by a cat.—C. D. HATHORN.

"ICH DIEN."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accepted tradition is that Edward the Black Prince took the motto "Ich dien" from John, King of Bohemia, whom he slew at Crécy; but it seems odd that a Slavonic king should carry a German motto. The Welsh tradition says that "Eich dyn" (your man) were the words used by Edward I. when he showed the infant Edward II. to the assembly at Carnarvon. Perhaps your Welsh readers can enlighten me.—TYCHUS.

"MICK."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph may be of interest to those who make a hobby of poultry. The chicken of the White Brahma variety was the property of Mr. Walter Reade, The Bungalow, Mill Green, Aldridge, Staffs, who had made a pet of it on account of its peculiarities when either sitting, standing or walking, and it frequently fell backwards when attempting the latter. It was known

by the name of Mick, to which it readily came on being called. It was a little more than seven weeks old when photographed. Five days later it was accidentally kicked by a little girl, and unfortunately succumbed to the effects of that injury. Its decease enabled me to have an X-ray photograph made, which is of considerable interest. There are four dislocations, *i.e.*, both hip-joints and both knee-joints; these I believe to be of congenital origin. The craw or crop is seen situated low in the abdomen. Probably there may be other displacements of viscera, which will be revealed on dissection.—J. FENCER WHITTLES.



DISLOCATED HIP & KNEE JOINTS.

"MAG":

THE BIRD OF OMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest the writer of the article on magpies to know that the superstition that a magpie is a bird of ill-omen is not confined to this country. There are large numbers of the birds in China, and the coolies do not like them to be shot, considering it to bring "bad joss." I tried the experiment once, and it certainly had the effect of bringing me "bad joss" in the shooting line, as I could not hit a bird for weeks afterwards. The Chinese magpie is not quite the same as the English bird, the marking being somewhat different; but the difference would not be noticeable unless one looked for it. It would be interesting to know if there is any theory as to why two such different races living so far apart should have similar superstitions regarding this bird, and also if any other races in other parts of the world where the magpie exists have them.—F. L. M. BOOTHBY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Ratcliffe, in his article on magpies in your issue of September 10th, says, "it is doubtful if ever more than four have been seen at the same time." This may be the case in England, but in Ireland I remember seeing as many as seven together, and being hard put to it for an answer to our governess, who asked what that betokened, as the rhyme with which we (heaven knows how!) happened to be familiar went:

Five for heaven,
Six for hell,
And seven for the devil himself.

In Norway the birds go together in much larger flocks. This summer in Vinje we passed up a road one morning on which a dead mouse was lying. No magpies were visible. When we returned, two hours later, there were on the spot sixteen magpies—and no mouse.—MABEL HART.

THE INTERMITTENT FOUNTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph by Mr. Stanley Mylius shows the famous Intermittent Fountain at the Villa Pliniana, Lake Como. The stream is said to flow from a cavity in the rock for six hours, and then to cease to flow for six hours. The fountain is mentioned by the older and also the younger Pliny. The villa was built in 1570 by Count Anguissola, and is now the property of the Marchesa Trotti.—E. A. S.



THE INTERMITTENT FOUNTAIN NEAR LAKE COMO.